

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XLVII.

A REPORT came round that the asylum was open in the rear. A rush was made thither from the front; and this thinned the crowd considerably; so then Mrs. Dodd was got out by the help of some humane persons, and carried into the nearest house, more dead than alive. There she found Mrs. Archbold in a pitiable state. That lady had been looking on the fire, with the key in her pocket, by taking which she was like to be a murderer: her terror and remorse were distracting, and the revulsion had thrown her into violent hysterics. Mrs. Dodd plucked up a little strength, and characteristically enough tottered to her assistance, and called for the best remedies, and then took her hand and pressed it, and whispered soothingly that both were now safe, meaning David and Edward. Mrs. Archbold thought she meant Alfred and David: this new shock was as good for her as cold water: she became quieter, and presently gulped out, "You saw them? you knew them (ump) all that way off?"

"Knew them?" said Mrs. Dodd; "why one was my husband, and the other my son." Mrs. Archbold gave sigh of relief. "Yes, madam," continued Mrs. Dodd, "the young fireman, who went and saved my husband, was my own son, my Edward; my hero; oh, I am a happy wife, a proud mother;" she could say no more for tears of joy, and while she wept deliciously, Mrs. Archbold cried too, and so invigorated and refreshed her cunning, and presently she perked up and told Mrs. Dodd boldly that Edward had been seeking her, and was gone home: she had better follow him, or he would be anxious. "But my poor husband!" objected Mrs. Dodd.

"He is safe," said the other; "I saw him (ump) with an attendant."

"Ah," said Mrs. Dodd, with meaning, "that other my son rescued was an attendant, was he?"

"Yes," (Ump.)

She then promised to take David under her especial care, and Mrs. Dodd consented, though reluctantly, to go home.

To her surprise Edward had not yet arrived, and Julia was sitting up, very anxious; and flew

at her with a gurgle, and kissed her eagerly, and then, drawing back her head, searched the maternal eyes for what was the matter. "Ah, you may well look," said Mrs. Dodd. "Oh my child! what a night this has been;" and she sank into a chair, and held up her arms; Julia settled down in them directly, and in that position Mrs. Dodd told all the night's work, told it under a running accompaniment of sighs and kisses, and ejaculations, and "dear mammas," and "poor mammas," and bursts of sympathy, astonishment, pity, and wonder. Thus embellished and interrupted, the strange tale was hardly ended, when a manly step came up the stairs, and both ladies pinched each other and were still as mice, and in walked a fireman with a wet livery, and a face smirched with smoke. Julia flew at him with a gurgle of the first degree, and threw her arms round his neck, and kissed both his blackened cheeks again and again, crying "Oh my own, my precious, my sweet, brave, darling, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, you are a hero, a Christian hero, that saves life, not takes it—" Mrs. Dodd checked her impetuous career by asking pitifully if his mother was not to have him. On this, Julia drew him along by the hand, and sank with him at Mrs. Dodd's knees, and she held him at arms' length and gazed at him, and then drew him close and enfolded him, and thanked God for him; and then they both embraced him at once, and interwove him Heaven knows how, and poured the wealth of their womanly hearts out on him in a torrent and nearly made him snivel. But presently something in his face struck Mrs. Dodd, accustomed to read her children. "Is there anything the matter, love," she inquired anxiously. He looked down and said, "I am dead sleepy, mamma, for one thing."

"Of course he is, poor child," said Julia, doing the sub-maternal: "wait till I see everything is comfortable," and she flew off, turned suddenly at the door with "Oh, you darling!" and up to his bedroom, and put more coals on his fire, and took a housewifely look all round.

Mrs. Dodd seized the opportunity. "Edward, there is something amiss."

"And no mistake," said he drily. "But I thought if I told you before her you might scold me."

"Scold you, love? Never. Hush! I'll come to your room by-and-by."

Soon after this they all bade each other good

night ; and presently Mrs. Dodd came and tapped softly at her son's door, and found him with his vest and coat off, and his helmet standing on the table reflecting a red coal ; he was seated by the fire in a brown study, smoking. He apologised, and offered to throw the weed away. "No, no," said she, suppressing a cough, "not if it does you good."

"Well, mother, when you are in a fix smoke is a soother, you know ; and I'm in a regular fix."

"A fix!" sighed Mrs. Dodd resignedly : and waited patiently, all ears.

"Mamma," said the fire-warrior, becoming speculative under the dreamy influence of the weed, "I wonder whether such a muddle ever was before. When a man is fighting with fire, what with the heat, and what with the excitement, his pulse is at a hundred and sixty, and his brain all in a whirl, and he scarce knows what he is doing till after it is done. But I've been thinking of it all since. (Puff.) There was my poor little mamma in the mob ; I double myself up for my spring, and I go at the window, and through it ; now on this side of it I hear my mother cry 'Edward! come down ;' on the other side I fall on two men perishing in an oven ; one is my own father, and the other is, who do you think? 'The Wretch.'"

Mrs. Dodd held up her hands in mute amazement.

"I had promised to break every bone in his skin at our first meeting ; and I kept my promise by saving his skin and bones, and life and all." (Puff.)

Mrs. Dodd groaned aloud. "I half suspected it," she said faintly. "That tall figure, that haughty grace ! But no ; you are mistaken ; Mrs. Archbold told me positively he was an attendant."

"Then she told you a cracker. It was not an attendant, but a madman, and that madman was Alfred Hardie, upon my soul ! Our Julia's missing bridegroom."

He smoked on in profound silence waiting for her to speak. But she lay back in her chair mute and all relaxed, as if the news had knocked her down.

"Come, now," said Edward at last ; "what is to be done ? May I tell Julia ? that is the question."

"Not for the world," said Mrs. Dodd, shocked into energy. "Would you blight her young life for ever as mine is blighted ?" She then assured him that, if Alfred's sad state came to Julia's ears, all her love for him would revive, and she would break with Mr. Hurd, and indeed never marry all her life. "I see no end to her misery," continued Mrs. Dodd, with a deep sigh ; "for she is full of courage ; she would not shrink from a madhouse (why she visits lazars houses every day) ; she would be always going to see her Alfred, and so nurse her pity and her unhappy love. No, no ; let me be a widow with a living husband, if it is God's will : I have had my happy

days. But my child she shall not be so withered in the flower of her days for any man that ever breathed : she shall not, I say." The mother could utter no more for emotion.

"Well," said Edward, "you know best. I generally make a mess of it when I disobey you. But concealments are bad things too. We used to go with our bosoms open. Ah!" (Puff.)

"Edward," said Mrs. Dodd, after some consideration, "the best thing is to marry her to Mr. Hurd at once. He has spoken to me for her, and I sounded her."

"Has he ? Well, and what did she say ?"

"She said she would rather not marry at all, but live and die with me. Then I pressed her a little, you know. Then she did say she could never marry any but a clergyman, now she had lost her poor Alfred. And then I told her I thought Mr. Hurd could make her happy, and she would make me happy if she could esteem him ; and marry him."

"Well, mamma, and what then ?"

"Why then my poor child gave me a look that haunts me still—a look of unutterable love, and reproach, and resignation, and despair, and burst out crying so piteously I could say no more. Oh ! oh ! oh !"

"Don't you cry, mammy dear," said Edward. "Ah, I remember when a tear was a wonder in our house." And the fire-warrior sucked at his cigar, to stop a sigh.

"And n—now n—not a d—day without them," sighed Mrs. Dodd. "But you have cost me none, my precious boy."

"I'm waiting my time. (Puff.) Mamma, take my advice ; don't you fidget so. Let things alone. Why hurry her into marrying Mr. Hurd or anybody ? Look here ; I'll keep dark to please you, if you'll keep quiet to please me."

At breakfast time came a messenger with a line from Mrs. Archbold, to say that David had escaped from Drayton House, in company with another dangerous maniac.

Mrs. Dodd received the blow with a kind of desperate resignation. She rose quietly from the table without a word, and went to put on her bonnet, leaving her breakfast and the note ; for she did not at once see all that was implied in the communication. She took Edward with her to Drayton House. The firemen had saved one half of that building : the rest was a black shell. Mrs. Archbold came to them, looking haggard, and told them two keepers were already scouring the country, and an advertisement sent to all the journals.

"Oh, madam !" said Mrs. Dodd, "if the other should hurt him, or lead him somewhere to his death ?"

Mrs. Archbold said she might dismiss this fear ; the patient in question had but one illusion, and, though terribly dangerous when thwarted in that, was most intelligent in a general way, and much attached to Mr. Dodd ; they were always together.

A strange expression shot into Mrs. Dodd's eye: she pinched Edward's arm to keep him quiet, and said with feigned indifference:

"Then it was the one who was in such danger with my husband last night?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Archbold, off her guard. It had not occurred to her that this handsome, fashionably-dressed young gentleman, was the fireman of last night. She saw her mistake, though, the moment he said bluntly, "Why you told my mother it was an attendant."

"Did I, madam?" asked Mrs. Archbold, mighty innocently: "I suppose I thought so. Well, I was mistaken, unfortunately."

Mrs. Dodd was silent a moment, then, somewhat hastily, bade Mrs. Archbold good-by. She told the cabman to drive to an old acquaintance of ours, Mr. Green. He had set up detective on his own account. He was not at his office, but expected. She sat patiently down till he came in. They put their heads together, and Green dashed down to the asylum with a myrmidon, while Mrs. Dodd went into the City to obtain leave of absence from Cross and Co. This was politely declined at first, but on Mrs. Dodd showing symptoms of leaving them altogether, it was conceded. She returned home with Edward, and there was Mr. Green; he had actually traced the fugitives by broken fences, and occasional footsteps in the side-clay of ditches, so far as to leave no doubt they had got upon the great south-eastern road. Then Mrs. Dodd had a female inspiration. "The Dover road! ah! my husband will make for the sea."

"I shouldn't wonder, being a sailor," said Green: "it is a pleasure to work with a lady like you, that puts in a good hint. Know anything about the other one, ma'am?"

Mrs. Dodd almost started at this off-hand question. But it was a natural one for Green to ask.

She said gravely, "I do. To my cost."

Green's eye sparkled, and he took out his note-book. "Now where is he like to make for?"

Mrs. Dodd seemed to wince at the question, and then turn her eyes inward to divine. The result was she gave a downright shudder, and said evasively, "Being with David, I hope and pray he will go towards the coast."

"No, no," said Green, "it won't do to count on that altogether. How do we know which of the two will lead the other? You must please to put Mr. Dodd out of the question, ma'am, for a moment. Now we'll say No. 2 is escaped alone: where is he like to run to?"

Mrs. Dodd thus pressed, turned her eyes more and more inward, and said at last in a very low voice, and with a sort of concentrated horror,

"He will come to my house."

Mr. Green booked this eagerly. The lady's emotion was nothing to him; the hint was invaluable, the combination interesting. "Well, ma'am," said he, "I'll plant a good man in sight of your door: and I'll take the Dover road

directly with my drag. My teeth weren't strong enough for the last nut you gave me to crack: let us try this one; Tom Green isn't often beat twice running."

"I will go with you, Mr. Green."

"Honoured and proud, ma'am. But a lady like you in my dog-cart along o' me and my mate!"

Mrs. Dodd waived this objection almost contemptuously; she was all wife now.

It was agreed that Green should drive round for her in an hour. He departed for the present, and Edward proposed to go in the dog-cart too, but she told him no; she wanted him at home to guard his sister against "the Wretch." Then seeing him look puzzled, "Consider, Edward," said she, "he is not like your poor father: he has not forgotten. That advertisement, Aileen Aroon, it was from him, you know. And then why does he attach himself so to poor papa? Don't you see it is because he is Julia's father. 'The Wretch' loves her still."

Edward from puzzled looked very grave. "What a head you have got, mamma?" he said. "I should never have seen all this: yet it's plain enough now, as you put it."

"Yes it is plain. Our darling is betrothed to a maniac; that maniac loves her; and much I fear she loves him. Some new calamity is impending. Oh, my son, I feel it already heavy on my heart. What is it to be? Is your father to be led to destruction, or will that furious wretch burst in upon your sister, and kill her, or perhaps kill Mr. Hurd, if he catches them together. What may not happen now? The very air seems to me swarming with calamities."

"Oh, I'll take care of all that," said Edward. And he comforted her a little by promising faithfully not to let Julia go out of his sight till her return.

She put on a plain travelling-dress. The dog-cart came. She slipped fifty sovereigns into Mr. Green's hands for expenses, and off they went at a slapping pace. The horse was a great bony hunter of rare speed and endurance, and his long stride and powerful action raised poor Mrs. Dodd's hopes, and the rushing air did her good. Green, to her surprise, made few inquiries for some miles on the Dover road; but he explained to her that the parties they were after had probably walked all night. "They don't tire, that sort," said Mr. Green.

At Dartford they got a doubtful intimation, on the strength of which he rattled on to Rochester. There he pulled up, deposited Mrs. Dodd at the principal inn till morning, and scoured the town for intelligence.

He inquired of all the policemen; described his men, and shrewdly added out of his intelligence, "Both splashed and dirty."

No, the Bobbies had not seen them.

Then he walked out to the side of the town nearest London, and examined all the dealers in food. At last he found a baker who, early that morning, had sold a quatern loaf to two tall

men without hats, "and splashed fearful;" he added, "I thought they had broken prison; but 'twas no business of mine: they paid for the bread right enough."

On hearing they had entered Rochester hatterless, the shrewd Mr. Green made direct to the very nearest slop-shop, and his sagacity was rewarded; the shopkeeper was a chatterbox, and told him yes, two gents out on a frolic had bought a couple of hats of him, and a whole set of sailor's clothes. "I think they were respectable, too; but nothing else would satisfy him. So the young one he humoured him, and bought them. I took his old ones in exchange."

At that Green offered a sovereign for the old clothes blindfold. The trader instantly asked two pounds, and took thirty shillings.

Green now set the police to scour the town for a gentleman and a common sailor in company, offered a handsome reward, and went to bed in a small inn, with David's clothes by the kitchen fire. Early in the morning he went to Mrs. Dodd's hotel with David's clothes nicely dried, and told her his tale. She knew the clothes directly, kissed them, and cried over them: then gave him her hand with a world of dignity and grace: "What an able man! Sir, you inspire me with great confidence."

"And you me with zeal, ma'am," said the delighted Green. "Why I'd go through fire and water for a lady like you, that pays well, and doesn't grudge a fellow a bit of praise. Now you must eat a bit, ma'am, if it's ever so little, and then we'll take the road; for the police think the parties have left the town, and by their night's work they must be good travellers."

The dog-cart took the road, and the ex-hunter stepp'd out thirteen miles an hour.

Now at this moment Alfred and David were bowling along ahead with a perfect sense of security. All that first night, the grandest of his life, Alfred walked on air, and drank the glorious exhilarating breath of Freedom. But, when the sun dawned on them, his intoxicating joy began to be dashed with apprehension; hatless and bemired, might they not be suspected and detained by some officious authority?

But the slop-shop set that all right. He took a double-bedded room in The Bear, locked the door, put the key under his pillow, and slept till eleven. At noon they were on the road again, and, as they swung lustily along in the frosty but kindly air, Alfred's chest expanded, his spirits rose, and he felt a man all over. Exhilarated by freedom, youth, and motion, and a little inflated by reviving vanity, his heart, buoyant as his foot, now began to nurse aspiring projects: he would indict his own father, and the doctors, and immolate them on the altar of justice, and publicly wipe off the stigma they had cast on him, and meantime he would cure David and restore him to his family.

He loved this harmless companion of his cell, his danger, and his flight; loved him for Julia's sake, loved him for his own. Youth and vanity

whispered, "I know more about madness than the doctors; I have seen it closer." It struck him David's longing for blue water was one of those unerring instincts that sometimes guide the sick to their cure. And then, as the law permits the forcible recapture of a patient—without a fresh order or certificates—within fourteen days of his escape from an asylum, he did not think it prudent to show himself in London till that time should have elapsed: so, all things considered, why not hide a few days with David in some insignificant seaport, and revel in liberty and blue water with him all day long, and so by associations touch the spring of memory, and begin the cure. As for David, he seemed driven seaward by some unseen spur; he fidgeted at all delay; even dinner fretted him; he panted so for his natural element. Alfred humoured him, and an hour after sunset they reached the town of Canterbury. Here Alfred took the same precautions as before, and slept till nine o'clock.

When he awoke, he found David walking to and fro impatiently. "All right, messmate," said Alfred, "we shall soon be in blue water." He made all haste, and they were on the road again by ten, walking at a gallant pace.

But the dog-cart was already rattling along about thirty miles behind them. Green inquired at all the turnpikes and vehicles; the scent was cold at first, but warmer by degrees, and hot at Canterbury. Green just baited his gallant horse, and came foaming on, and just as the pair entered the town of Folkestone, their pursuers came up to the cross roads, not five miles behind them.

Alfred went to a good inn in Folkestone, and ordered a steak, then strolled with David by the beach, and gloried in the water with him. "After dinner we will take a boat, and have a sail," said he. "See, there's a nice boat, riding at anchor there."

David snuffed the breeze and his eye sparkled, and he said, "Wind due east, messmate." And this remark, slight as it was, was practical, and gave Alfred great delight: strengthened his growing conviction that not for nothing had this charge been thrown on him. He should be the one to cure his own father: for Julia's father was his: he had no other now. "All right," said he gaily, "we'll soon be on blue water: but first we'll have our dinner, old boy, for I am starving." David said nothing, and went rather doggedly back to the inn with him.

The steak was on the table. Alfred told the waiter to uncover and David to fall to, while he just ran up-stairs to wash his hands. He came down in less than two minutes; but David was gone, and the waiter standing there erect and apathetic like a wooden sentinel.

"Why where is he?" said Alfred.

"Gent's gone out," was the reply.

"And you stood there and let him? you born idiot. Which way is he gone?"

"I don't know," said the waiter angrily, "I ain't a pliceman. None but respectable gents comes here, as don't want watching." Alfred

darted out and scoured the town; he asked everybody if they had seen a tall gentleman dressed like a common sailor: nobody could tell him: there were so many sailors about the port; that which in an inland town would have betrayed the truant concealed him here. A cold perspiration began to gather on Alfred's brow, as he ran wildly all over the place.

He could not find him, nor any trace of him. At last it struck him that he had originally proposed to go to Dover, and had spoken of that town to David, though he had now glanced aside, making for the smaller ports on the south coast: he hired a horse directly, and galloped furiously to Dover. He rode down to the pier, gave his horse to a boy to hold, and ran about inquiring for David. He could not find him: but at last he found a policeman, who told him he thought there was another party on the same lay as himself: "No," said the man, correcting himself, "it was two they were after, a gentleman and a sailor. Perhaps you are his mate."

Alfred's blood ran cold. "Pursued! and so hotly!"

"No, no," he stammered; "I suspect I am on the same business." Then he said cunningly (for asylums teach the frankest natures cunning), "Come and have a glass of grog and tell me all about it." Bobby consented, and under its influence described Mrs. Dodd and her companions to him.

But not everybody can describe minutely. In the bare outlines, which were all this artist could furnish him, Alfred recognised at once whom do you think? Mrs. Archbold, Dr. Wolf, and his arch enemy Rooke, the keeper. Doubtless his own mind, seizing on so vague a description, adapted it rather hastily to what seemed probable. Mrs. Dodd never occurred to him, nor that David was the sole, or even the main, object of the pursuit. He was thoroughly puzzled what to do. However, as his pursuers had clearly scoured Dover, and would have found David if there, he made use of their labours and galloped back towards Folkestone. But he took the precaution to inquire at the first turnpike, and there he learned a lady and two men had passed through about an hour before in a dog-cart, it was a wonder he had missed them. Alfred gnashed his teeth; "Curse you," he muttered. "Well, do my work in Folkestone, I'll find him yet, and baffle you." He turned his horse's head westward and rode after David. Convinced that his lost friend would not go inland, he took care to keep near the cliffs, and had ever an eye on the beach when the road came near enough.

About eight miles west of Folkestone he saw a dog-cart going down a hill before him: but there was only a single person in it. However, he increased his pace and got close behind it as it mounted the succeeding hill, which was a high one. Walking leisurely behind it his quick eye caught sight of a lady's veil wrapped round the iron of the seat.

That made him instantly suspect this might be

the dog-cart after all. But, if so, how came a stranger in it? He despised a single foe, and resolved to pump this one and learn where the others were.

While he was thinking how he should begin the dog-cart stopped at the top of the hill, and the driver looked seaward at some object that appeared to interest him.

It was a glorious scene. Viewed from so great a height the sea expanded like ocean, and its light blue waters sparkled and laughed innumerable in the breeze. "A beautiful sight, sir," said the escaped prisoner, "you may well stop to look at it." The man touched his hat and chuckled. "I don't think you know what I am looking at, sir," he said politely.

"I thought it was the lovely sea view; so bright, so broad, so free."

"No, sir; not but what I can enjoy that a bit, too: but what I'm looking at is an 'unt. Do you see that little boat? Sailing right down the coast about eight miles off. Well, sir, what do you think there is in that boat? But you'll never guess. A madman."

"Ah!"

"Curious, sir, isn't it: a respectable gentleman too he is, and sails well; only stark, staring, mad. There was two of 'em in company: but it seems they can't keep together long. *Our* one steals a fisherman's boat, and there he goes down channel. And now look here sir; see this steam-tug smoking along right in front of us: she's after him, and see there's my governor aboard standing by the wheel with a Bobby and a lady: and if ever there was a lady she's one;" here he lowered his voice. "She's that mad gentleman's wife, sir, as I am a living sinner."

They both looked down on the strange chase in silence. "Will they catch her?" asked Alfred at last, under his breath.

"How can we be off it? steam against sails. And if he runs ashore, I shall be there to nab him." Alfred looked, and looked: the water came into his eyes. "It's the best thing that can befall him now," he murmured. He gave the man half-a-crown, and then turned his horse's head and walked him down the hill towards Folkestone. On his arrival there he paid for his horse, and his untasted dinner, and took the first train to London, a little dispirited; and a good deal mortified; for he hated to be beat: but David was in good hands, that was one comfort: and he had glorious work on hand, love and justice. He went to an out of the way inn in the suburbs, and, when he had bought a carpet-bag and some linen and other necessaries, he had but one sovereign left.

His heart urged him vehemently to go at once and find his Julia: but alas! he did not even know where she lived; and he dared not at present make public inquiries: that would draw attention to himself, and be his destruction; for Wolf stood well with the police, and nearly always recaptured his truant patients by their

aid before the fourteen days had elapsed. He determined to go first to a solicitor: and launch him against his enemies, while compelled to shirk them in his own person. Curious position! Now amongst his father's creditors was Mr. Compton a solicitor, known for an eccentric, but honourable man, and for success in litigation. Mr. Compton used to do his own business in Barkington, and employ an agent in London: but Alfred remembered to have heard just before his incarceration that he had reversed the parts, and now lived in London. Alfred found him out by the Directory, and called at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn-fields. He had to wait some time in the outer office listening to a fluent earnest client preaching within: but presently a sharp voice broke in upon the drone, and, after a few sentences, Mr. Compton ushered out a client with these remarkable words: "And as for your invention, it has been invented four times before you invented it, and never was worth inventing at all. And you have borrowed two hundred pounds of me in ninety loans, each of which cost me an hour's invaluable time: I hold ninety acknowledgments in your handwriting; and I'll put them all in force for my protection;" with this he turned to his head clerk; "Mr. Colls take out a writ against this client; what is your christian name, sir? I forget."

"Simon," said the gaping client, off his guard.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Compton with sudden politeness: then resuming hostilities. "A writ in the Common Pleas against Simon Macfarlane: keep it in your drawer, Colls, and if ever the said Macfarlane does me the honour to call on me again, serve him with it on the spot; and, if not, not. Good morning, sir." And with this he bolted into his own room and slammed its door. The clerks opened the outer door to Mr. Macfarlane with significant grins, and he went out bewildered sorely, yea even like one that walketh abroad in his sleep. "Now, sir," said Mr. Colls cheerfully to Alfred. But the new client naturally hesitated now: he put on his most fascinating smile, and said: "Well, Mr. Colls, what do you advise? Is this a moment to beard the lion in his den?"

At Alfred's smile and address, Colls fell in love with him directly, and assured him, sotto voce, and with friendly familiarity, that now was his time. "Why, he'll be as sweet as honey now he has got rid of a *client*!" With this he took Alfred's name, and ushered him into a room piled with japanned tin boxes, where Mr. Compton sat, looking all complacency, at a large desk table, on which briefs, and drafts, and letters lay in profusion and seeming confusion. He rose, and with a benignant courtesy invited Alfred to sit down and explain his business.

The reader is aware our Oxonian could make a close and luminous statement. He began at the beginning, but soon disposed of preliminaries and came to his capture at Silverton. Then Mr. Compton quietly rang the bell, and with a slight apology to Alfred requested Colls to search for

the draft of Mrs. Holloway's will. Alfred continued. Mr. Compton listened keenly, noted the salient points on a sheet of brief-paper, and demanded the exact dates of every important event related.

The story finished, the attorney turned to Colls, and said mighty coolly, "You may go. The will is in my pocket: but I made sure he was a madman. They generally are, these ill-used clients." (Exit Colls.) "Got a copy of the settlement, sir, under which you take this ten thousand pounds?"

"No, sir."

"Any lawyer seen it?"

"Oh yes; Mr. Crawford down at Barkington."

"Good. Friend of mine. I'll write to him. Names and addresses of your trustees?"

Alfred gave them.

"You have brought the order on which you were confined, and the two certificates?"

"Not I," said Alfred. "I have begged and prayed for a sight of them, and never could get one. That is one of the galling iniquities of the system; I call it 'THE DOUBLE SHUFFLE.' Just bring your mind to bear on this, sir: The prisoner whose wits and liberty have been signed away behind his back is not allowed to see the order and certificate on which he is confined—until *after* his release: that release he is to obtain by combating the statements in the order and certificates. So to get out he must first see and contradict the lies that put him in; but to see the lies that put him in, he must first get out. So runs the circle of Iniquity. Now, is that the injustice of Earth, or the injustice of Hell?"

Mr. Compton asked a moment to consider: "Well, I think it is of the earth, earthy. There's a mixtur' of idiocy in it the Devil might fairly repudiate. Young gentleman, the English Statutes of Lunacy are famous monuments of legislatorial incapacity: and indeed, as a general rule, if you want justice and wisdom, don't you go to Acts of Parliament, but to the Common Law of England."

Alfred did not appreciate this observation: he made no reply to it, but inquired, with some heat, "what he could do to punish the whole gang; his father, the certifying doctors, and the madhouse keepers?"

"Humph! You might indict them all for a conspiracy," said Mr. Compton; "but you would be defeated. As a rule, avoid criminal proceedings where you have a civil remedy. A jury will give a verdict and damages where they would not convict on the same evidence. Yours is just one of those cases where Temper says, 'indict!' but Prudence says, 'sue!' and Law, through John Compton, its oracle in this square, says, sue the defendant and no other. Now, who is the true defendant here, or party liable in law?"

"The keeper of the asylum, for one."

"No. If I remember right, all proceedings

against him are expressly barred by a provision in the last statute. Let us see."

He took down the statutes of the realm, and showed Alfred the clause, which raises the proprietor of a madhouse above the civic level of a Prince Royal. "Curse the law," said Alfred bitterly.

"No, don't curse the Law. Curse the Act if you like; but we can't get on without the Law, neither of us. Try again."

"The certifying doctor, sir?"

"Humph!" said Mr. Compton, knitting his brows: "a jury might give you a verdict. But it would probably be set aside by the full court, or else by a court of error. For, unless you could prove informality, barefaced negligence, or mala fides, what does it come to? A professional man, bound to give medical opinions to all comers, is consulted about you, and says he thinks you are insane; you turn out sane. Well, then he was mistaken: but not more than he is in most of his professional opinions. We lawyers know what guesswork Medicine is, we see it in the witness-box. I hate suing opinions: it is like firing bullets at snipes in a wind. Try again."

Alfred groaned. "Why there is nobody left but the rogue who signed the order."

"And if you were a lawyer that alone would tell you he is the defendant. Where a legal wrong has been committed by A. B. and C., and there is no remedy against A. or B., there must either be one against C., or none at all: but this Law abhors as Nature does a vacuum. Besides this defendant has *done* the wrong complained of. In his person you sue an act, not an opinion. But of course you are not cool enough to see all this just at first."

"Cool, sir," said Alfred, despairingly; "I am frozen with your remorseless law. What, of all these villains, may I only attack one, and can't I imprison even him, as he has me? Such narrow law encourages men to violence, who burn under wrongs like mine."

Mr. Compton looked keenly at his agitated, mortified client, but made no concession. He gave him a minute to digest the law's first bitter pill: and then said, "If I am to act for you, you had better write a line to the Commissioners of Lunacy requesting them to hand me copies of the order and certificates. Alfred wrote it.

"And now," said Mr. Compton thoughtfully, "I don't think they will venture to recapture you during the fourteen days. But still they might: and we attorneys are wary animals. So please give me at once a full authority to act under advice of counsel for your protection."

Alfred wrote as requested, and Mr. Compton put the paper in his drawer, remarking, "With this I can proceed by law or equity, even should you get into the asylum again." He then dismissed Alfred somewhat abruptly, but with an invitation to call again after three clear days. Like most ardent suitors after their first inter-

view with passionless law, he went away sadly chilled, and so home to his cheerless lodging, to count the hours till he could see Julia, and learn his fate from her lips.

This very morning a hasty note came to Edward from Folkestone, worded thus:

"Oh, Edward: my worst misgivings! The two have parted. Poor papa has taken a man's boat and is in sight. We shall follow directly in a steam-boat. But the other! You know my fears; you must be father and mother to that poor child till I come home."

"Your sad mother,
"LUCY DODD."

Julia held out her hand for the note. Edward put it in his pocket.

"What is that for?" said the young lady.

"Why surely I may put my own property in my pocket."

"Oh, certainly. I only want to look at it."

"Excuse me."

"Are you in earnest, Edward? Not let me see dear mamma's letter!" and the vivid face looked piteously surprised.

"Oh, I'll tell you the contents. Papa had got to Folkestone and taken a boat, and gone to sea: then mamma took a steam-boat and after him: so she will soon catch him, and is not that a comfort?"

"Oh yes," cried Julia, and was for some time too interested and excited to think of anything else. But presently she returned to the charge. "Anything else, dear?"

"Humph? Well, not of equal importance."

"Oh, if it is of no importance, there can be no reason for not telling me. What was it?"

Edward coloured but said nothing. He thought, however: and thus ran his thoughts: "She's my intellectual superior; and I've got to deceive her; and a nice mess I shall make of it!"

"It is of importance," said Julia, eyeing him. "You have told a story: and you don't love your sister." This fulminated, she drew herself up proudly and was silent. A minute afterwards, stealing a look at her, he saw her eyes suddenly fill with tears, apropos of nothing tangible.

"Now this is nice," said he to himself.

At noon she put on her bonnet to visit her district. He put on his hat directly, and accompanied her. Great was her innocent pleasure at that; it was the first time he had done her the honour. She took him to her poor people, and showed him off with innocent pride.

"Hannah, this is my brother," Then in a whisper, "Isn't he beautiful?" Presently she saw him looking pale; unheard of phenomenon! "There now, you are ill," said she. "Come home directly, and be nursed."

"No, no," said he. "I only want a little fresh air. What horrid places! what horrid sights and smells! I say, you must have no end of pluck to face them."

"No, no, no. Dearest, I pray for strength: that is how I manage. And oh, Edward, you used to think the poor were not to be pitied. But now you see."

"Yes, I see, and smell and all. You are a brave, good girl. Got any salts about you?"

"Yes, of course. There. But fancy a young lion smelling salts."

"A young duffer, you mean; that has passed for game through the thing not being looked into close."

"Oh, you can be close enough, where I want you to be open."

No answer.

The next day he accompanied her again, but remained at the stair-foot while she went in to her patients; and, when she came down, asked her, Could no good Christian be found to knock that poor woman on the head who lived in a plate.

"No good Heathen, you mean," said Julia.

"Why yes," said he; "the savages manage these things better."

He also accompanied her shopping, and smoked phlegmatically outside the shops; nor could she exhaust his patience. Then the quick girl put this and that together. When they were at home again and her bonnet off, she looked him in the face and said sweetly, "I have got a watch-dog." He smiled, and said nothing. "Why don't you answer?" said Julia impudently.

"Because least said is soonest mended. Besides, I'm down upon you: you decoy me into a friendly conversation, and then you say biting things directly."

"If I bite you, you sting me. Such want of confidence! Oh how cruel! how cruel! Why can you not trust me? Am I a child? No one is young, who has suffered what I have suffered. Secrets disunite a family: and we were so united. And then you are so stupid. *You* keep a secret? Yes, like a dog in a chain. You can't hide it one bit. You have undertaken a task you are not fit for, sir; to hide a secret you must be able to tell fibs: and you can't: not for want of badness, but cleverness to tell them smoothly; you know it, you know it; and so out of your abominable slyness you won't say a word. There, it is no use my trying to provoke him. I wish you were not so good tempered; so apathetic I mean, of course." Then, with one of her old rapid transitions, she began to caress him and fawn on him: she seated him in an arm-chair and herself on a footstool, and suddenly curling round his neck, murmured, "Dear, dear brother, have pity on a poor girl, and tell her is there any news that I have a right to hear, only mamma has given you your orders not to tell me: tell me, love!" This last in an exquisite whisper.

"Let me alone, you little fascinating demon," said he angrily. "Ask mamma. I won't tell you a word."

"Thank you!" she cried, bounding to her feet;

"you *have* told me. He is alive. He loves me still. He was bewitched, seduced, deluded. He has come to himself. Mamma has seen him. He wants to come and beg my pardon. But you are all afraid I shall forgive him. But I will not, for at the first word I'll stop his mouth, and say, 'If you were happy away from me, I suppose you would not have come back.'" And instantly she burst out singing, with inspired eloquence and defiance,

"Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star."

Aileen aroon."

But, unable to sustain it, the poor Impetuosity drooped as quickly as she had mounted, and out went her arm on the table and her forehead sank on her arm, and the tears began to run silently down the sweet face, so brave for a moment.

"W-will y-you allow me to light a cigar?" faltered Edward. "I'm wretched and miserable; you Tempest in petticoats, you!"

She made him a sign of assent with the hand that was dangling languidly, but she did not speak; nor did she appeal to him any more. Alienation was commencing. But, what was worse than speaking her mind, she was for ever at the window now, looking up and down the street; and walking with her he felt her arm often tremble, and sometimes jerk. The secret was agitating her nerves, and destroying her tranquillity as much, or perhaps more, than if she had known all.

Mrs. Dodd wrote from Portsmouth, whereof anon.

Mr. Peterson called, and soon after him Mr. Hurd. Edward was glad to see them, especially the latter, whose visits seemed always to do Julia good.

Moreover, as Peterson and Hurd were rivals, it afforded Edward an innocent amusement to see their ill-concealed aversion to one another, and the admirable address and delicacy with which his sister conducted herself between them.

However, this pastime was cut short by Sarah coming in and saying, "There's a young man wants to see you, sir."

Julia looked up and changed colour.

"I think he is a fireman," said Sarah. She knew very well he was a fireman, and also one of her followers. Edward went out and found one of his late brethren, who told him a young gentleman had just been inquiring for him at the station.

"What was he like?"

"Why I was a good ways off, but I saw he was a tall one."

"Six feet?"

"Full that."

"Give you his name?"

"No. I didn't speak to him: it was Andrew.

Andrew says he asked if there was a fireman called Dodd : so Andrew said you had left ; then the swell asked where you lived, and Andrew couldn't tell him any more than it was in Pembroke-street. So I told him, says I, 'Why couldn't you call me ? It is number sixty-six,' says I. 'Oh, he is coming back,' says Andrew. However, I thought I'd come and tell you." (And so get a word with Sarah, you silly dog.)

Edward thanked him, and put on his hat directly, for he could not disguise from himself that this visitor might be Alfred Hardie. Indeed, what more likely ?

Messrs. Hurd and Peterson always tried to stay one another out, whenever they met at 66, Pembroke-street. However, to make sure of not leaving Julia alone, Edward went in and asked them both to luncheon, at which time he said he should be back.

As he walked rapidly to the station he grew more and more convinced that it was Alfred Hardie. And his reflections ran like this. "What a headpiece mamma has ! But it did not strike her he would come to me first. Yet how plain that looks now : for of course I'm the duffer's only clue to Julia. These madmen are no fools though. And how quiet he was that night ! And he made papa go down the ladder first : that was the old Alfred Hardie. He was always generous : vain, overbearing, saucy, but noble with it all. I liked him : he was a man that showed you his worst, and let you find his best out by degrees. He hated to be beat : but that's no crime. He was a beautiful oar : and handled his mawleys uncommon ; he sparred with all the prizefighters that came to Oxford, and took punishment better than you would think ; and a wonderful quick hitter ; Alec Reed owned that. Poor Taff Hardie ! And when I think that God has overthrown his powerful mind, and left me mine, such as it is ! But the worst is my having gone on calling him 'the Wretch' all this time : and nothing too bad for him. I ought to be ashamed of myself. It grieves me very much. 'When found make a note on ;' never judge a fellow behind his back again."

Arrived at the station, he inquired whether his friend had called again, and was answered in the negative. He waited a few minutes, and then, with the superintendent's permission, wrote a note to Alfred, inviting him to dine at Simpson's at six, and left it with the firemen. This done, he was about to return home, when another thought struck him. He got a messenger, and sent off a single line to Dr. Wolf, to tell him Alfred Hardie would be at Simpson's at seven o'clock.

But, when the messenger was gone, he regretted what he had done. He had done it for Alfred's good ; but still it was treason. He felt unhappy, and wended his way homeward disconsolately, realising more and more that he had not brains for the difficulties imposed upon him.

On entering Pembroke-street he heard a buzz. He looked up, and saw a considerable crowd collected in a semicircle. "Why that is near our house," he said, and quickened his steps.

When he got near he saw that all the people's eyes were bent on No. 66.

He dashed into the crowd. "What on earth is the matter ?" he cried.

"The matter ? Plenty's the matter, young man," cried one.

"Murder's the matter," said another.

At that he turned pale as death. An intelligent man saw his violent agitation, and asked him hurriedly if he belonged to the house.

"Yes. For God's sake what is it ?"

"Make way there !" shouted the man. "He belongs. Sir, a madman has broke loose and got into your house. And I'm sorry to say he has just killed two men."

"With a pistol," cried several voices, speaking together.

ROMANCES OF THE SCAFFOLD.

THE literature of the streets in France has a peculiarity which widely distinguishes it from that of England. In this country, when a felon is executed, the nature of his crime is merely recorded in a broad-sheet containing the culprit's apocryphal "last dying speech and confession," which some hoarse ruffian bawls through the suburbs of the town to gaping listeners, who seldom purchase his unauthentic wares. In France, on the contrary, an execution rarely takes place without affording the local chronicler an opportunity for displaying more or less talent in the composition of a poem, in which all the leading features of the criminal's career are described with great minuteness, and which is eagerly bought on all the quays and market-places. These poems bear the name of "Complaints," are dignified as "Historical," are sometimes really poetical, always quaint and striking, and usually close with a moral, not always of the most direct application. Their form is that of a pamphlet of ten or a dozen pages, as the celebrity of the subject or the resources of the poet may determine ; they are frequently illustrated by wood-cuts and typographical ornamentation, and their price varies with their length from ten to fifty centimes. Two of these publications, acquired some years ago, are now before me, and I think it worth while to give a full description of one of them.

Its title-page runs as follows : "Complainte Historique sur le Procès Du Glandier, Par Jacquot, Ouvrier Forgeron et Poète Naturel Limousin. Prix : 30 centimes. Paris, Breteau et Pichery, Passage de l'Opéra, Galerie de l'Horloge, 16. 1840 ;" and that the public may be quite sure they are buying a genuine thing, the signature of the editor—in this instance the publishers—is written on the opposite page. Like the lays of the Trouvères, the

"Complaintes" are not simply recited, but lend themselves to that nasal intonation which French ballad-singers call song, and are adapted to some well-known tune. "The Procès Du Glandier" is set to to the air "Ecoutez, peuple de France," and runs as follows :

Dans l'intérêt de l'histoire,
D'a morale et d'a vertu,
J'veux conter en impromptu
Une traîn, dit-on, fort noire,
Mais faite avec tant d'fraîcheur,
Qu'on dirait qu' c'est d'la blancheur!

[In the interest of history, of morality, and of virtue, I will relate, off-hand, a plot said to be a very black one, but carried out so skilfully that it might be called whiteness itself.]

The history thus prefaced is the famous case of Madame Lafarge, who is introduced in the following strain :

Marie est une d'moiselle
Qui n'a pas beaucoup d'beauté,
Mais d'esprit en quantité,
Et l'diable dans la cervelle.
Tout homme qu'ell' regardait
D'amour à l'instant . . . fondait!

[Marie is a young lady who has not much beauty, but a great deal of cleverness, and the very devil in her brain. Every man whom she looked at with love instantly—melted.]

This fascinating basilisk had been an artful dodger from her childhood upwards, not only what the Persians would call "a melter of hearts," but a filcher of her companions' goods and chattels into the bargain :

On prétend qu'dès sa jeunesse,
Ca s'voit dans l'instruction,
Elle chipait sans permission
A ses compagn' par finesse,
Leurs p'tits joyaux, v'nant à bout
De fourrer ses doigts partout.

[It is declared that from her childhood—this appears in the accusation—cunningly, without the permission of her companions, she stole their little trinkets, contriving to thrust her fingers everywhere.]

Her morals did not improve as she grew up, but she was careful of her reputation, and for every peccadillo she had a present remedy :

Rien dans ell' ne scandalise.
Ecrit-elle un billet-doux?
Ell' donn' tous ses rendezvous
Honnêt'ment dans quelqu' église,
Du moment qu'ell' vient d'passer
Tout d'suite elle peut s'confesser.

[Nothing in her (conduct) gives cause for scandal. Does she write a billet-doux? She gives all her meetings openly in some church, and the moment she commits a fault is able to confess it.]

To settle her in the married state was, therefore, the first desire of her friends, and Marie made no objection :

Un jour on lui dit : Marie,
Il faut sans aller plus loin,
Qu'on te choisisse avec soin
Un bel homm' et qu'on te marie ;
Soit : un mari blond z'ou brun,
Voyons, donnez-moi z'en un.

[One day some one says to her: "Marie, without

going any further we must choose a handsome man and marry you." "Very well: let the husband be fair or dark, only give me one."]

A fine, broad-shouldered, large-limbed Limousin, was shown to her in Musart's concert-room :

On lui trouve, j'veus l'assure,
Un Limousin renfonce,
Partant l'mollet prononcé,
Cinq pieds huit pou' bonn' mesure,
Superbe mari d'hasard
Qu'où lui fait voir chez Musart.

[They find for her, I assure you, a regular Limousin, with a fine pair of calves, and standing five feet eight, good measure,—a superb husband sent by chance, whom they show to her at Musart's.]

The marriage speedily took place :

On les marie au pas d'charge,
Ell' ne l'trouvait pas trop beau;
Mais lui croyant un château,
Ell' dit : j'suis Madame Lafarge,
Un homm', dans l'œud conjugal,
A l'droit d' être laid, c'est égal!

[They marry them in double-quick time; she does not think him too good-looking, but, believing him the owner of a fine house, she says: "I am Madame Lafarge:—a man in the conjugal knot has a right to be ugly. It's all the same."]

Scarcely had she been three days married when she grew cold towards her helpmate. She had formed high expectations of Glandier; but, on seeing the desolate place it was, broke out into bitter complaints, and straightway declared her mind :

V'la qu'on arrive à c'te terre,
La femm' dit: Quoi! c'est Glandier!
C'château, c'est un vrai grenier,
D'vieux chartreux, vieux monastère,
J'veux m'en aller d'ton nid d'rats,
Ou d'ma main tu périras!

[As soon as they arrive at his property, the wife says: "What, is this Glandier? The place is nothing but a granary, a monastery only fit for old monks. I will be off from your nest of rats, or by my hand you shall perish!"]

Marie then writes an extraordinary letter to her husband, darkly hinting at a meditated crime, and equivocally threatening his peace of mind :

La voila qui fait une lettre
Comm' on n'en a jamais fait:
Où c'qu' ell' menac' d'un forfait
Et d'un crim' qu'ell' veut commettre.
Ajoutant: Sois convaincu,
Que par char' tu s'rás . . . vaincu.

[Thereupon she writes a letter such as was never before composed, in which she mentions infidelity, besides the commission of another crime, adding: 'Be convinced that by Charles you will be—conquered. "]

Her state of mind, at this time, is described as uncontrollable; she rejects the consolations of religion, and perseveres in her menaces; but fortunately a neighbour pays Madame Lafarge a visit, and, by his arguments, induces her to live as a wife should with her husband :

Puis voilà c'te capriceuse
Qui r'çoit visit' d'un voisin,
Un homm' d'esprit Limousin,
Qui chang' cett' femm' furieuse,

Au nom d'un certain brevet
L'coupl' heureux n'a plus qu'un cl'vet.

[This capricious creature next receives a visit from a neighbour, a man of real Limousin wit, who changes this precious woman in the name of a certain understanding. The happy couple henceforward have only one bed.]

This state of affairs, however, does not last long, and matters get worse instead of better:

A present l'affair' s'embrouille,
Que l'iable n'y verrait pas clair.
Lafarge, à Paris, prend l'air,
Sa femm' reste dans la houille,
Forgeant un plan infernal,
Mais surtout original !

[The affair now becomes so puzzling that the devil could not see clearly through it. Lafarge, in Paris, amuses himself, his wife remains behind, forging an infernal, but, above all, an original plan.]

It appears that Madame Marie possessed rare accomplishments:

Faut savoir qu' madam' Marie
Est très forte d'ses l'piano,
Chante et parle Italiano,
Et qu'ell' fait d'la pâtisserie;
Pour c't' art elle a un certain chic,
C'est du sucre d'arsenic.

[You must know that Madame Marie is very strong upon the piano, sings and talks Italian, and makes pastry, in which art she has a certain knack; it is sugar—of arsenic.]

She accordingly gives her husband proof of her skill:

A son époux elle addressa
Sa brioch' cuite à propos
Et sa lett' porte ces mots:
Cher objet de ma tendresse,
J'viens d' fair' ça pour toi, bien cuit,
Mang' donc tout, juste à minuit.

[To her husband she addresses her cake nicely cooked, and her letter conveys these words: "Dear object of my tenderness, I have just made this for thee, well baked. Eat it then all, precisely at midnight.]

Excited by the tenderness of this letter, Monsieur Lafarge implicitly follows his wife's instructions:

Le mari qu' la lettre enflamme,
Plein d' gourmandise et d' amour,
Croque un morceau de p'tit-four:
Le v'là prêt à rendre l'âme.
Il sent plus en ce moment
La coliqu' que l' sentiment.

[The husband, whom the letter inflames, full of greediness and of love, eats a morsel from the little oven: see, he is ready to render up his soul. He feels more at this moment of the colic than sentiment.]

Recovering a little, he rejoins his wife, who is profuse of affectionate demonstrations:

Un peu r'mis le v'là qui roule
Vers le Glandier par malheur.
Sa femm' le r'çoit sur son cœur,
Et lui fait vit' un lait d'poule,
Et d'aut' boissons qui toujours
Finiss' la fin de ses jours !

[A little better, behold him, unluckily, on his way to Glandier. His wife receives him on her bosom, and quickly makes him some "hen's milk," and other drinks, which "put a finish to the end" of his days.]

People now begin to suspect a crime, and the neighbours are no longer tongue-tied:

Pour lors, voilà qu'on soupçonne
Un crime . . . il était bien temps!
On rappell' des faits patents
Qui prouv' qu' à plus d'un' personne
Ell' demanda du poison
Pour les rats d'la maison.

[On this you see people begin to suspect a crime . . . it was high time! They recal patent facts which prove that of more than one person she had asked for poison for the rats in the house.]

Her accusers become desperately indignant, and she retorts upon them in famous style:

Pour lors, on lui dit: Vous êtes
Un' femm' capable de tout;
Rien qu' à vous voir not' sang bout . . .
Ell' répond: Vous ét' des bêtes;
Mon excus' . . . c'est que j'ai de l'esprit
Et qu' mon style est bien écrit.

[Then they say to her: "You are a woman capable of all. Only to see you our blood boils." . . . She replies: "You are a pack of asses. My excuse is that I am clever, and my style well written."]

The public mind is now a prey to uncertainty, opinion inclining various ways, and a strange expedient is resorted to:

V'là les esprits en balance,
Par des avis si discords;
V'là qui on fait r'boillir le corps
Pour découvrir la substance
Lui fut caus' d' l'affreux trépas:
On la trouve . . . on n' la trouv' pas!

[Behold minds now in the balance, though opinions so discordant; see they have the body boiled over again to discover the substance which was the cause of this fearful death. They find it . . . they find it not.]

A new actor comes upon the stage:

Dans l' doute, on allait absoudre
La pauvre femm'! . . . mais voilà
L' princ' de la science, Orfila,
Tombant d' Paris comm' la foudre;
Il dit: J'trouv' de l'arsenic,
V'là mélodram, c'est là l'hic!

[In doubt, they are about to absolve the poor woman. . . . But, behold, the Prince of Science, Orfila, falling from Paris like lightning! He says, "I find arsenic, there's the melodrama, that's the ticket."]

A great to-do arises, which the professor's opinion does not succeed in calming down:

O ciel! quelle dégringolade!
D' poison y a donc un gros tas ?
L' savant répond: Y a p'têt pas
D' quoi rendre un circon malade.
Le jury dit: C'est assez,
J' condamne aux travaux forcés.

[Oh Heaven! what a piece of work! Of poison is there then a large heap? The learned man replies: "There is, perhaps, not enough to make a maggot sick." The jury say: "That will do. We condemn her to the galleys."]

After thus making the jury usurp the functions of the judge, the poet becomes satirical on the subject of unequal punishment. Poor folks, he says, are sent to the galleys, when, very often, they have committed no crime; while persons of birth, "who can speak like a book," are only condemned, when guilty, to the same punishment. He tells the jury that their sentence is either too much or too little, and that they should remember the proverb, "A door must be either open or shut." But the record of this trial is nothing without a moral, and it is conveyed in the following terms :

La moralité d' la chose
C'est qu' l'arsenic est malsain;
Outre qu'on n'est pas certain
Qu'y n' laisse des marqu' où c' qu'on l'pose.
Donnez-en donc aux souris,
Et jamais à vos maris.
Faut espérer qu' la justice
Va nous dire c' qu' y faut penser;
Le jug'ment pourra s'casser,
Mais il est temps qu' ça finisse,
Et qu'on tire à l'alembic
Tout c' bel esprit d'arsenic.

[The moral of the affair is that arsenic is unwholesome. Besides, one is not certain that it does not leave marks behind it. Give it then to mice, and never to husbands. It is to be hoped that justice will tell us what we must think about it. The sentence may be quashed. But it is time that this should end, and that we should take out of the alembic all this fine spirit of arsenic.]

For fear, however, of its being supposed that the subject has been too lightly treated, the poet reasserts his personality in a "Conclusion sérieuse," in which he gives advice to the law-makers :

Aux forgeurs d' lois, je m' sens d' force
A forger un bon conseil :
Faut, c'est clair comm' l' soleil,
Au cod' reprendre l' divorce.
L' mariage sans amour mutual
C'est du poison perpétuel.

[To the forgers of the laws, I feel myself strong enough to forge this good advice: You must, as clear as the sun, restore divorce to the code. Marriage without mutual love is perpetual poison.]

The second of these poems is a full description of "The Murder of Fualdès," a prose version of which appeared in No. 223 of this journal (August 1, 1863). Described as a "Véritable Complainte arrivée de Toulouse," the ballad is ornamented on the title-page by a woodcut representing the head of a man in a little cap and a high shirt-collar, who is either singing or preparing to be sick; it is set to the air "Au Maréchal de Saxe," and the first stanza invites a rather wide circle of auditors to give attention to it :

Ecoutez, peuples de France,
Du royaume de Chili,
Peuples de Russie aussi,
Du cap de Bonne-Espérance,
Le mémorable accident
D'un crime très-consequent.

[Listen, people of France, of the kingdom of Chili, people of Russia also, and of the Cape of

Good Hope, the memorable accident of a very remarkable crime.]

It was stated, in the article referred to, that Jausion was one of the murderers condemned to death, but the last act of his life was not set forth. According to the author of the "Complainte," it consisted in his sending to his family the stockings he wore on the scaffold as a token of his death, with the following words addressed to his wife, an accomplice in the crime :

Epouse sensible et clére,
Qui par mon ordre inhumain,
M'as si bien prêté la main
Pour forcer le secrétaire,
Elève nos chers enfants
Dans tes nobles sentiments.

[Dear and tender wife, who by my inhuman order lent me thy assistance to force open the desk, bring up our dear children in thy noble sentiments.]

When it is remembered that the noble sentiments of this lady led her to urge Jausion to assist in the murder, she being present and holding a lamp, and Fualdès was taken by the head and feet and laid on the table, it may be a question whether the education of her children would greatly profit them.

A MOCKING-BIRD IN LONDON.

I WAS passing along by the Foundling Hospital, when I heard a musical cry, "Fine firewood!" which seemed to me to be worthy of a concert-room. I walked slowly to hear it again and again, and I almost thought it was some fallen star of ancient opera, who had taken to a street barrow and a load of fine firewood. It is wonderful how soon we forget. I lost that man and his musical cry in three minutes, but ten or fifteen minutes later I was going up Guildford-street, when he revived himself in my memory. Again I forgot him, and made my way to a friend's house in the vicinity of Russell-square. My friend's daughter was an invalid, who had left her home and husband in Charleston, South Carolina, when the unhappy civil war began. She was an English girl who had given her fate into the keeping of a young American, who had been educated at English Oxford. Little thought he when he took his fair bride to his Southern home, that in three short years the storm of war would drive him into the vortex of a whirlpool, and cast his wife and their two baby children into the refuge of her father's home. So it had been. I had news of him, and I hastened to the wife with the glad tidings that a month ago he was safe. I entered the house and stood in the front drawing-room, which was darkened, while the western window that opened out of the back drawing-room wooed all the sunshine there might be, at noon, in the cheerful month of October. Suddenly I heard the musical cry of the firewood man. It rang out loud and clear, as if he had stood by my side.

At this moment the lady for whom I had news, entered. In her frail form, and fevered

cheek and brilliant eyes, I read what made me in a moment forget the cry of "Fine, fine, fine firewood." I told the message that gladdened the faint fast beating heart, and encouraged her to hope for letters, and heard her say, "I *must* go to him. Better tend him wounded, or bury him dead, than live the dying life I am living here."

I began to falter words of encouragement that I did not feel, when the musical cry again burst on my ear.

"It is my poor bird!" she said—"my mocking-bird. He breaks my heart with his songs of home, and he startles everybody with his imitations."

I looked up at the western window, and there hung the bird in a prodigious cage: just the giant bird-house that a mocking-bird ought always to have. Lazily removing his long figure from one side of the cage to the other, a few times, he began to pour forth a song composed of the music of all the birds he had heard in London. He ended his brilliant mélange with his own sweet notes, which are exceedingly beautiful. The lady regarded him with a tender interest, with which was mingled her absent husband and lost home. I led her to talk of him, for I thought I saw that though an object of painful interest, he still served to distract his mistress from her anxiety and misery.

"There is almost a human interest about him," she said; "he mimics us so well. He has a sharp short cry like the baby when his sister takes something from him, and he revels in mimicking poor Jip. The other day I heard Jip cry terribly, and I came hurrying down to see to him, quite sure that he had got into some unusual difficulty. Jip was asleep on the mat outside the drawing-room door, not even noticing his own yelping, and there was the bird doing the dreadful imitation to perfection. At first Jip used to notice him, but he is quite accustomed to his noise now." As if to illustrate what she was saying, the bird here began a wonderful series of performances, the most difficult of which, to me, seemed the click of castanets. Nothing was difficult to him, after he had put his head on one side, listened, and apparently decided how it was to be done. He did not practise the sound, but at once got it right in his mind, and brought it forth like a viviparous production, perfect in all its parts. When he had clicked the castanets, and whistled a tune to match, he again edified me with the "Fine, fine, fine firewood" cry, immediately setting off its sonorous music with the shrill cracked quaver that a child evokes from a penny whistle. Then he gave the cry of the milk-woman when she rang the bell, then the cry of muffins, and then water-cresses. Presently the cat mewed as if both the lady's children were pulling it at once, and then Jip got into trouble, and lastly, the baby cried. "You should hear him whistle my husband's tunes," said the lady, her eyes overflowing. "Dear Arthur could not beat him at whistling Dixie, or Red, White, and Blue."

I whistled first the one and then the other of these tunes, and presently the bird was whistling Dixie to a charm, and the poor lady was weeping to the melody, as if it were only made to make people weep. Nor was she at all comforted with the Red, White, and Blue.

"I wish I had left him with Arthur. I wish I had never tamed him. He does not seem like a bird to me, here in London. He seems like a ghost of the past—like somebody's spirit imprisoned in a bird. I hear him whistle Arthur's tunes, and I almost think my husband has come in, as he used to in our old home, always so cheerful. I cannot bear the strange sweet imitation in my room, and so I keep him down here; but I shall not have him long. He has done well during the summer; you know we came in June; but he begins to mope. To-day is one of his bright days. He will not live through the winter; he will not live through next month. He will never survive unhappy November. I wish I had left him at home, or had never taken him from the nest! He was such a little lump when I took him, with no promise of the long body and longer tail he has now. His mouth was always open, and he screamed like one file filing another, unless I fed him almost continually. He was always swallowing a paste made of mashed potato and yolks of eggs rolled up into the form of worms, and dropped into his gaping mouth."

"And what does he eat now?"

"He will eat almost anything that I eat, but I feed him mostly on brown bread and milk, which he likes better than eggs, or fresh meat, or anything. He will leave his chicken or his beefsteak untouched, and eat a saucer of brown bread and milk in the day. Every day he goes into his bath tub and takes his bath, and makes his toilet like a gentleman, and every day his house has to be thoroughly cleansed, or he would soon die. His cage seems large, but mocking-birds never thrive in small cages; and I think of their freedom. Then he cannot be as content in confinement as if he had been born in a cage, and his parents before him. I wish he were in the orange-grove in my own dear home, or that he had the chance of stealing Japan plums at the end of our brief Charleston winter. Our garden used to be as full of music as the opera, and a great deal sweeter to me, though I dearly love music."

"Charleston really seems home, then, to you," I said. "I thought English people were merely foreign residents; that they were never *at home* anywhere but in England."

She smiled very faintly, and said, "I was taken from my home young, like my mocking-bird. But O far more than that! I went to Arthur's home, and, O, it was a sunny home!"

I tried to speak comfortingly and hopefully. She only said she would go to her husband.

"And the bird?" I asked. "O, he will die next month."

As I was leaving, the bird again favoured me with Dixie, and then with "Fine, fine, fine fire-

wood," and ended with a flourishing yelp from Jip.

"He seems to be finishing for the season, giving a last performance," said the lady; and then she thanked me again and again for the good news I had brought her, and bade me good-by with an appearance of reviving hope.

On a day in November, a day of sullen gloom, I again sought the home of the lady and the bird. I was the bearer of sorrowful news, but my sad errand could not wait. It must be done, though it was a bitter duty. I must tell her, so near the angel world, that her beloved husband had gone before, and would meet her there. He had been my dear friend, but I counted my sorrow as nothing. Her mother met me, and I saw, by her grave sad mien, that I had hard news to hear, as well as to communicate.

"Her babies—our babies—are orphans," said the mother.

The beautiful lady and the brave husband were both in the better land, and the bright bird was dead too. This little sad romance of the time had so died out in an ordinary London street.

The song was o'er, the last sweet note
Upon the air had ceased to float,
The life that thrilled in melody,
With his wild music passed away.
He longed for fragrance, flowers, and light,
His heart had broken in the night.

THE INDIRECT ROUTE.

Most people, unless good or ill fortune has placed them at one or other end of the social ladder, know tolerably well the feelings attendant on the termination of a holiday. Whether we have been welcoming hard work and braving broken bones on the High Alps, or offering passive resistance to diphtheria and scarlet fever at some sea-side sanatorium, Black Monday comes even as it did of old, and we poor straws are sucked out of still pool or playful eddy into the straight onward current of working life. In few places can this contrast be felt more vividly than on landing at Boulah from a Nile voyage. The daily and weekly course "through hushed old Egypt and its sands," is of so easy and undomestic a character as to foster a brief and pleasant oblivion of daily papers and weekly bills. The postman, though you do hear his bell in the calm evening as he carries his bag on foot from Cairo to the Catacombs, calls not at your door, and there is no object to carry your thoughts beyond the narrow precincts of the dahabeh, except the problematic hippopotamus for whom you look among the castor-oil thickets but never see, the crocodile whom you see but never hit, or, if you do, it doesn't hurt him, and the never-failing robber tribe on the east bank, who are always hovering for prey, but who never attack you, even when you land in double-barrelled dignity to examine the rock tombs of Beni Hassan, and learn how that opera-dancers pirouetted

with horizontal legs before Abimelek, and ladies of the court played football in white Balmoral boots with blue laces. All this, however, must come to an end; and when, after a last gaze at the awful mass of the Pyramids, a farewell to the giant Sphinx beautiful in spite of mutilation, and a pitying look at Ramses the Second, as he lies placidly smiling in a mud-hole till he shall be promoted to a glass-case in the portico of the British Museum, we drop down the stream towards Cairo, beginning to feel a forecast of the actual world.

Hardly may we, as our donkeys pass through the city gate, cast a single mental stepping-stone into the gulf of two thousand years by looking out for the spot where Bedreddin Hassan was found asleep in scanty costume, ere the door of Shepherd's Hotel is undone, and we are at once in the full tide of London population. The hotel is in a high state of activity. The lamps are more numerous and bright than when last seen, the Nubian waiters' shirts are whiter, their skins—by contrast at least—shine blacker, the staircases are choked with portmanteaus and folding arm-chairs. The overland passengers have arrived; and at once the mere pleasure-tourist sinks into insignificance, the like whereof he has not for some months known. In Upper Egypt he has been a sort of petty king, a Roi Fâmant like enough, with a maire de palais in the guise of a dragoman, but still a monarch, supported, moreover, in right (and wrong, too, often) by Turkish pashas not impervious to the influences of champagne. But now, when his sole connexion with Arabia is the Arabic numeral which marks his identity in a bustling hotel, he becomes wondrous small. The mighty stream which periodically bears outward numbers of active youths, and returns charged with limp ladies and flexible children, is all important. Their time is limited, their places are booked through, and the best and quickest means of transit belong of right to them. The railway may now probably have made some difference in the state of matters, but in the time to which these pages refer, he who had hedged aside from the direct forthright found the entered tide not only leave him hindmost, but continue to flow so strongly as to render his chance of getting in again very small.

To drop metaphor, all we wanted was a passage from Cairo to Alexandria, and this it was by no means easy to obtain. Our party was increased in number by several Indian officers, civilians, and others; and these, having overstayed the time allotted, had lost their privileges, and were powerless as ourselves. Steamer after steamer came in, but so did caravan after caravan of Suez passengers, the desert telegraph's cry was still "They come," and the clerks gave little hope but that, even if we stayed a fortnight, a similar result would ensue. A vaguely-expressed promise of a possible steamer in a few days lured us to stay, and Cairo, after all, offers amusement enough for even a longer period. The obelisk of Heliopolis, where the bees, like the Christians of Upper Egypt, have filled the hieroglyphic

sculptures with mud, occupied one day, and served to show the spirit of that noble animal the Egyptian donkey. His long-legged rider was listlessly gazing at the shabby manœuvres of some shabby soldiers, when a burst of military music roused the energies of the Arab steed. Clothing his neck with thunder, and shouting "Ha ! ha !" to the trumpets, he leaped gallantly across a tolerably wide ditch, on whose brink he had been posted, leaving his amazed rider standing on his feet, with a ditch and four miles of hot sand between him and the city. Happily the donkey's views were those of immediate comfort, and in a few minutes he was standing quietly under the shade of a giant sycamore, warranted by tradition to be that which sheltered Joseph and Mary in their flight from Palestine. Another day was given to the Petrified Forest, a wide basin which (whether geologists have explained it or not) must at one time have been filled with water, on whose surface floated masses of wood of all shapes and sizes, from palm-trees a hundred and twenty feet long (I measured one of that size) down to innumerable logs, chips, nuts, and splinters. The bottom of the valley undulates gently, and it seems as though the water had drained off gradually, the larger logs (which, of course, would take ground first) being invariably on the summits of the small hills; while the minute portions lie thickly congregated in the hollows, where they have been swept by the retiring current. But of what nature was this water ? How comes it that every morsel of the wood, even to some few stumps of palm yet in situ, is now converted into solid stone ?

Our continual inquiries at the transit-office were at length answered by the joyful news that a steamer had arrived. Unfortunately she was timed so as to discharge her passengers at Alexandria too late to catch the Austrian Lloyd's boat for Smyrna, the only boat by which there was any chance of our reaching Europe, and that, too, by a roundabout road. Vain were our representations that if the steamer were not to start till Thursday she might as well, for our purposes, not start at all; the clerks admitted the truth of our assertions, and even enhanced their force by stating that it was more than probable that the Austrian boat would have to leave with few or no passengers, for want of the Nile steamer, which might quite as easily start on one day as on another; but they also assured us that any attempt to force these ideas into a Turkish brain by any process short of cracking the brainpan would be hopelessly futile. The British lions now fairly caged began to roar, when an Italian mouse presented himself to gnaw asunder the meshes which confined the desert lords.

An Italian, who, some twelve or fifteen years before, had been in sufficiently poor circumstances to find himself wandering about London streets, had received Christmas welcome in the servants' hall of one of these travellers. The fact, long forgotten by the Englishman, had dwelt in the mind of the Italian, who was now a prosperous gentleman in commercial relations

with the Egyptian court. Arab horses, guides to the curiosities of Cairo, admission to the palaces, all had been pressed by Signor Carlo on his former benefactor, and now, no sooner did he hear of the existing difficulty, than he pledged himself to remove it. He had not overrated his power. That same night he entered the billiard-room at Shepherd's with his hat half full of Spanish dollars, won at *écarté* from a Turkish pasha, from whom also he had extracted an order for the steamer to leave next morning. Some, says Charles Lamb, have unawares entertained angels. Gladly did we drop down to Atfeh and Alexandria, and early the next morning our party, with a very few additions, mustered on the deck of the *Europa*.

The equinoctial gales, which had blown with annoying punctuality for the last two days, raised such a sea that the deck was soon all but empty, and the cabin thronged. With natural hesitation I linger on the top step of that steep stair, whose brass handrail smells, methinks, with unusual pungency. A framed board, of course, meets my eye. What is it ? If it be the usual steward's list, with inappropriate offers of bottled stout, and highly repulsive allusions to mutton-chops, I had better not read it. No ! it appeals to less earthly considerations, being an inscription in three languages (like the Rosetta stone, I think, as I feebly court remembrances of the immovable past), detailing the rules to be obeyed by passengers on board the Austrian Lloyd's boats. These, though numerous and verbose, are not very interesting, till I come to No. 13, which informs me sententiously that "Gentlemen passengers, having a proper feeling, will be expected to show all decorous attention to ladies," and No. 14, setting forth that "Gentlemen passengers are not on any account to interfere with the management of the vessel, for which governmentally-constituted officers have been duly appointed." As I muse upon the manner of men to whom these regulations may be addressed, the steam-pipe ceases to scream, the *Europa* plunges, not perhaps more deeply than she did, but far more distractedly, and we are off. A few minutes more and a sharp cry of "Starboard !" sounds from the bridge, and steadily hard-a-port goes the tiller under the guidance of a squat figure in long tow-coloured hair and mustachios. A rush, a scuffle, Towhair is shoved summarily to leeward, and the wheel is revolving rapidly in the hands of a young master mariner from the China seas, master of opium-clippers, and not unconscious of typhoons. The *Europa* swerves wildly, a drenching cloud of spray sweeps from stem to stern, and from the middle of it, like old Neptune in the *Aeneid*, emerges the governmentally-constituted officer, full charged with polysyllabic wrath, which he distributes impartially upon the dethroned helmsman and upon the usurper. What effect the volley may have upon Towhair, I know not; the young Scotsman certainly neither understands nor cares for it, but quietly pointing to the black fang of a rock that shows itself in fearful proximity to our quarter, resigns the

wheel to its former possessor and resumes his walk.

Blessing the good fortune which has so ordered it that English sea-terms have been sown in all lands, and have taken root in many languages, I rejoin my friend the master mariner, and detail to him the fact that he has unknowingly violated a special act, cap. i., sect. 14. The mariner smiles composedly, and remarks, as analogous to the subject, that when Chinese merchants hire an English vessel, it is usual to insert in the charterparty that the British master shall not beat the Chinese supercargo. I perceive the analogy, and reflect that I would rather not be Chinese supercargo. Meantime, although Eurus and Zephyr with their lateral noise, Libeccio and Scirocco, blow hard, the sky is happily bright overhead, and as the Europa, though over-engined and under-timbered so that she wheezes and groans fearfully, is really a smart well-built boat, I walk as steadily as the playful skittishness of the deck will allow, and listen to the mariner, who holds me, not with glittering eye, but with friendly hand, when the Europa is more playful than usual, and tells tales almost as wild as those of his ancient prototype. He corroborates fully all that I have ever heard of Chinese craft and Chinese cruelty. In all the narrow seas, he says, a man holds his life on one simple condition—that of unceasing watchfulness. Every man you meet is an enemy, who will without scruple rob and massacre the men with whom he has traded and feasted a few hours before. Treachery, he fairly enough remarks, can scarcely be predicated of men who do not seem to comprehend the notion of good faith. In the humbler walks of cheating, too, they are renowned proficients. Opium is never paid for but in bullion, and this in small ingots of a defined weight, which, for security, are fitted into wooden cases, and screwed down to the floor of the captain's cabin. A new skipper, on his first visit to the opium buyer's after his promotion, was greatly provoked by a stupid carpenter, who had made the gold-boxes too small. The carpenter, a Chinese, was sulky, vowed they were the right size, enlarged them, however, at the express desire of his captain, and all was right for a day or two. Only for a day or two, for on the next consignment of opium being delivered, the carpenter had gone back to his old ways and measures. Fresh indignation from the captain, fresh protestations from the carpenter, but the fact being patent that the cases are too small, he is again compelled to yield. On the captain's return, the mystery, which has probably been obvious to the reader, is unveiled to his astonished eyes, and the *shroffs*, whose skill in estimating the proportions of alloy scarcely needs the confirmation of the assayer, inform him that two separate adulterations have been effected, and that for the future he must measure his gold as well as weigh it. With such tales the day wears on, and dinner is announced. The captain takes the head of the table, and to ensure his keeping it, lashes

his own leg to the table's leg. Few, indeed, are his guests. The Austrian consul from Khartoum, who has astonished us by the magnificence of his diamond mouthpieces to what he informs us are only his travelling pipes, refuses to eat, and reflects upon Vienna, where he intends to drink—and as I subsequently learn from a spectator, does actually ingurgitate—credible floods of beer. The German naturalist, whose best days have been spent in the blazing plains of Kordofan, and who has all but seen the unicorn, in whose existence he is a firm believer, fasts unwillingly, and comforts himself with a prospective omelette, to be made when he lands at Trieste, out of an egg fresh laid by Mr. Larking's tame ostrich on the day of our departure. Four courageous and hungry passengers sit in the four corners of the cabin floor, holding on as the vessel rolls, to prevent themselves from playing an involuntary game of Puss in the Corner, while the steward, an active puss in pumps, waltzes round the needlessly polished floor, and rapidly deals small modicums of schinkel, kalbsbrater, and other national delicacies. At night, our prudent skipper lay to, under the lee of Scarpanto, and all next day and night we proceeded with small abatement of weather among the wind-swept Cyclades, till early morning found us entering the Gulf of Smyrna. Here, like our great prototype, Lord Bateman, having "come to famed Turkey, we was taken and put in prison."

For civilisation has made rapid progress, and the Turks, like wise Feringhees, no longer trust in Allah, but ameliorate a visitor's health by shutting him up in a dirty jail, where his only exercising-ground is the cemetery, thick with gravestones of those who have died in the lazaretto; his only prospect, the sky covered with the streams of wild-fowl who gather round the springs of Cayster even as they did in the days of Homer. However, our travelling party passed the days as merrily as might be, laughed at the Italian doctor as he performed the daily farce of inspection, and on the fifth morning we "regained our freedom with a sigh," for we were now to separate.

The Anglo-Indians started for Constantinople, the youthful mariner for a small tour among the islands, and the present writer for the Piraeus, where Greece, following suit to Turkey, immediately locked us up again. But Greece herself was at this date in quarantine. The English steamer *Firebrand* lay in the entrance of the harbour; Admiral Parker's squadron was in the Gulf of Salamis; and the Pacifico blockade was in full force. It did not seem to produce any visible effects. The people lounged about listlessly; did a poverty-stricken sort of marketing in the Azora; and chilled, perhaps, by an intensely cold spring, left the street of the East Wind to its legitimate proprietor. Athens seemed very unreal. The city itself, an ill-assorted cross between a German watering-place and a Scotch fishing-village; the national dress, perhaps from the intense consciousness of fine clothes which

the men exhibit, like a fancy-ball get-up; while it was very odd to read shop-fronts and news-papers in the old character associated with lexicons and "first schools," or to puzzle over such words as "Modiste" and "Don Quixotic" in the type sacred to *Æschylus* and *Thucydides*.

The ruins are glorious, and owing, perhaps, to the exceptional circumstances of the time, the buzzing crowd of cicerones, custodes, gardiens, &c., had dispersed, and we were free to wander. From the green slope of Mars' Hill, whence Paul looked on the exquisite "temple made with hands," on to the less pure but more gorgeous colonnade in the plain, on whose summit stands that grim protest against the luxury of this world, the narrow dungeon of a Christian monk. The Arch of Hadrian, which has been hoisted up to afford free passage to the swallows of Somerset House; and the monument of Lysicratis, carefully placed out of harm's way among the chimney-pots of Howell and James; the race-course, with its seats covered with velvet turf; and the hawthorn brake, which served for the tiring-room of Nick Bottom and Co.; are all delightful. Even the huge mosaic pavement in the palace-gardens, whose vast size and coarse design tell so eloquently of slave-labour and of the degradation of taste which unfailingly follows, is not without interest. We drove to Salamis, and paid our respects to the representative of England, who received us in what has been called the noblest presence-chamber of Britain, an admiral's cabin. Here lay the Lords of Ocean, with a quantity of wretched coasting-craft, which their orders compelled them to keep in durance vile. But next morning, a startling change was visible. As I took my usual morning walk to the top of a small hill from which the top-gallants of the squadron could be seen, an unusual display of bunting caught my eye. The telescope showed me, to my unmitigated amazement, blue and white checks, the national flag of Greece, waving at every mast-head. What might this be? For several days past the newspapers had teemed with leading articles horribly stuffed with epithets of classic warfare, which might be condensed into this formula: Wanted, a Themistocles to destroy the fleet of the modern Xerxes, now lying off Salamis. Had they found the man. I remembered a sergeant who was in quarantine with us, and whose dignity, when he had put on his Sunday uniform, was something overpowering. Marmaduke Magog, in far remote days, alone came near it. Could he have gone down and surrounded the fleet by night? It was scarcely probable, but in preparation for the worst, it seemed best to secure a good breakfast, so I returned to the table d'hôte, where the few British subjects then in Athens were gathered. After breakfast, the landlord ushered in with some ceremony two representative men of Hellas, an Athenian and a Spartan. The former, brilliant in a green velvet jacket and snowy-white kilt—I forget how many yards of calico there were in it, but the figure took my breath away—was a royal aide-de-camp. The descendant of Lycurgus,

whom we already knew, was as unlike an ideal Lacedæmonian as can well be imagined. A short, black-haired, lively little man in European evening dress, shiny boots, and primrose kid gloves complete, who had often tried to persuade me to visit his country, expatiating on the delicious oranges and plump partridges which not unpleasantly have displaced the black broth of his ancestors. His mission this morning was to translate a speech delivered with all appearance of courtesy by his comrade. This day was the anniversary of the Independence of Greece. Painful circumstances, unnecessary to be more than alluded to, had caused temporary estrangement between the court of Greece and an ally for whom, nevertheless, she entertained, &c. &c. It had come to his majesty's knowledge that certain English gentlemen were at present in Athens, and it would give his majesty pleasure if said gentlemen would attend the solemn service shortly to commence in the cathedral.

Here was a turn of Dame Fortune's wheel! After being pushed on one side by excited P. and O. passengers, charitably fed by a German steward, poked at with long sticks by sanitary officers, to be now spoken at by a royal envoy and recognised as a political feature! We returned suitable replies, and in a few minutes "we, the people of England," under three umbrellas (for a drizzling rain had set in), proceeded towards the cathedral. Chairs were placed for us immediately in front of the royal seats, and in a few minutes the procession entered. I never, except in private theatricals, saw so very small a court. Some half-dozen officers, our friend of the green jacket by far the most conspicuous; about as many footmen; the king, his unmistakable German face looking impassively over a jacket, which would be blue velvet were it not all silver lace; the queen, red-faced from continuous out-door exercise, and two ladies of honour, all in national costume. One of these latter, by the way, made up for many deficiencies, being surpassingly lovely. The acclamations of the people were on a strictly proportionate scale. One voice called out once, *Zeto V*—. All else was silence. The performance—I mean the service—was awfully long, and begging his majesty's pardon, he should not have yawned so very much if he did not wish to be imitated. At length it was over. The court retired: the faithful Abdiel again uttered his loyal cry; I was thrice blest in being able to shelter with my umbrella the beauteous maid of honour, as she had to scud rapidly under the cathedral eaves to reach her carriage, and we returned to the hotel, passing under a triumphal arch where was inscribed "Long live the three Allied Powers," one of which three was at that moment hoisting the flag of Greece and blockading her ports.

At dinner one of the people of England, a young Irish Catholic, who has been carrying on some quiet and not specially recognised communication with the court, and who always amuses us by the tone of mysterious tenderness with which he speaks of the queen, recounts the

events of the morning to a Protestant fellow-countryman, a clergyman who had not accompanied us to the mass, and whose blue eye twinkles with fun as he listens to the comments of the youth. "I thought the queen looked uneasy, poor thing! She was not frightened, no, but 'flurried'." "Is it flurried? My dear sir, flurried? You'd as asily flurried a beefsteak." With the roar which greeted this unpoetic but singularly appropriate simile I terminate my reminiscences of Athens.

NAMES OF ENGLISH RIVERS.

It was from Grimson's farm, in a wild and lonely part of Cumberland, near the Fells, that I drove one morning last February with my friend the antiquarian and etymologist to Burd-Oswald. At Burd-Oswald, there is most to be seen of the remains of the old Roman wall. There are ramparts, ten or twelve tiers of which are still standing, half-demolished corner-towers, broken hypocausts, fragments of gateways, doors, and windows. But the grass grows over the threshold where the war-chariots once rattled, and the fox hides in the bath-rooms of the pro-consul. The quern that once held the centurion's wheat is now choked with moss, and the rude stone altars are spotted with the grey lichen. Amid these ruins, where the Roman eagle was once planted to scare back the savage and half-clothed Scot, we spent a long day rambling and musing, and at night slept in the adjacent farm-house. Before a huge peat-fire we sat examining the farmer's collection, the bronze handle of a Roman sword terminating in a bull's-head, little bronze mannikins representing household deities, boars' tusks, and other antiquities. All these exhausted, Grimson began on his favourite subject of etymology, and from discussing the boat-headed race, and the Picts, and the aborigines before the Celt, and the Dane and the Norman, we fell upon derivations.

Now Grimson had been busy tracing the derivations of the names of our English rivers back to the Celtic, the Norse, or even the old Sanscrit, and he had some notes about his recent labours then in his great-coat pocket. So I pressed him to read them, and, lighting my cigar and filling my glass with toddy, not only prepared to listen, but took a sheet of paper and made some notes of what he read me. Believing these notes to be too curious to be allowed to perish, I here, by Grimson's leave, append them, with a few preliminary remarks:

When the etymologist, hunting a word through the thorny thickets of many Indo-Germanic languages, brings it to bay at last, and finally runs it to death in the Sanscrit, he feels a delight keener than that of the fox-hunter—keener, because the pleasure, though less robust, is one more intellectual and refined. When, therefore, my friend Grimson, after cutting and cutting, traces a nerve of the root of a Saxon word through chest and heart up to its grey ganglion

in the brain of the early Norse, he is as happy as a miner when he meets with a lode. The happiest day of Grimson's life was, I believe, when he discovered that the river Humber derived its grand old name from the Sanscrit word *ambu* (water), and the river Otter its title from the Sanscrit *ud* (also water). He felt then that he had widened our knowledge of the English language, and classified one more clue to the Oriental origin of the European races.

The names of the English rivers were often given to them by the pre-Celtic races. These names, rude and simple, are like fossils, for they remain unaltered: incontestable proofs of certain ethnic epochs and certain national changes. They exist, but they are not of the present day, and have no more in common with the substance they are embedded in, than a bullet has with the soldier's leg that receives it. Yet these words of bygone races are, like fossils, of extreme interest and value. There they are, and they must be accounted for; they are nearly all that we know for certain, of those early tenants of the land; they might have lived in the historic times, but whoever and whenever they were, they used words that came originally from the strange land which thousands of years after their descendants conquered and held.

My friend Grimson divides the derivations of names of rivers into seven classes. 1. Those which describe the river simply and abstractedly as the water. 2. Those which describe it as violent, gentle, wide, or sluggish. 3. Those which describe a river by its course, as winding, straight, or crooked. 4. Those which refer to the quality of its waters as clear, bright, dark, or turbid. 5. Those which refer to the sound made by its waters. 6. Those which refer to its source or the manner of its formation. 7. Those which refer to it as a boundary or a protection.

Of the first simple and more barbaric class, which includes mere appellatives, are many English rivers whose names end in "a" and "ew," as the Rother and the Calder. The Avon that wanders by the church where Shakespeare lies buried, owes its name to the old Celtic word *avon* (water), the Gothic, *ahva*. The Devonshire Aune, the Cumberland Ehen, and the Cornish Inney, owe their origin to the same simple source; while the Scotch Bannock and Errick, like the Berkshire Ock and the Devonshire Oke, were christened from the obsolete Gaelic word *oich*, signifying also water. From the Sanscrit *ambu* (water) flows as it were the Berkshire Enme, the Humber, the Mole, that mysterious stream in Surrey, and the Staffordshire Hamps: all expressing what the Sanscrit root of *ambu* does—movement, the most wonderful thing about water being its involuntary movement and inner life.

It is to the Celts we are indebted for that dangerous gift whisky; to them too we owe its name, which means water, from the Welsh *wysg*, water. From this root come the names of many rivers, as the Devonshire Axe, the Somer-

setshire Axe, the Wiltshire Ash, the Scotch Esk, the Monmouthshire Usk, the Oxfordshire Isis.

The Sanscrit word *ud* (collected waters) is also a starting-place for derivations, according to Grimson. To it the river Otter owes its name, and also the Dorsetshire Woder and the Sussex Adur, a word which exactly corresponds in origin with the French *Adour*; and now, though we disappoint Cumberland people, we must remark that their *Eden* does not derive its name from *Paradise*, but from the old Welsh verb *eddaid* (to flow), like the Nottinghamshire *Idle* and the Scotch *Ettrick*.

The Welsh word *dwr* (water) has stood god-father to many rivers. It stood sponsor to the Yorkshire *Dow* and the Staffordshire *Dove*, and through its stream it gave a name to the town of *Dover*: signifying simply to move. The root exists in the Basque word *ur* (water), and the Hungarian *er* (a brook). Under this one roof, Grimson clusters the Radnorshire and Worcestershire *Arrows*, the *Sligo Arrow* and the Sussex *Arum*, the Yorkshire *Arke* and the Lancashire *Irk*.

One would not have expected that any English river would have a name derived from the same source as that of the great German *Rhine*, yet so it is. The Sanscrit *ri* (to flow) is found in the name of the German stream, as well as of the Worcestershire *Rea*, the Devonshire *Wray*, and the *Rye*, the tributary of the *Liffey*.

There is an old Welsh root, *rhedu* (to race), says Grimson, speaking affectionately of it, from whence not only the *Rhône* derives its name, but also that quiet little streamlet in our beautiful lake district, the *Rotha*, the Shropshire *Rodden*, the *Thames* tributary, *Rother*, the *Sussex Roller*, and the *Ross-shire Rasay*.

From the Welsh word *garw* (violent) many rivers have derived their names, as *Garfwater*, a burn in Lanarkshire, the *Gryffe* in Renfrew, and the *Girvan* in Ayr; while from the old Gaelic *sqiot* (English ship), expressing sudden and abrupt force, the *Sheffield Sheat* and the *Skippen* owe their titles.

There is a Sanscrit word, *sphar* (to burst forth), a venerable root from which, says Grimson, many young shoots have sprung, such as our English words *spark*, *spring*, *spirt*, *spruce*, *spry*, *spa*, *spew*, all expressing a lively force. The *Spry* at Elgin, the Scotch streams *Spean* and *Spear*, the Westmoreland *Sprint*, were named from the vivacity and vigour of their currents.

Languages, while they live, show their inner life by growing, changing. Thus the Sanscrit word *tine* (to agitate), while it lived, became the root of the Welsh word *dilinco* (a deluge), and the German *tilgen* (to overthrow). From this word, with an intermixture of the sense of boundary from the German *thielen* (to divide), comes the name of the Northumberland *Tile*, and the *Diel* of Limerick.

It is not unfrequent for a word to have two conflicting derivations. In that case the actual nature of the stream must guide the etymologist. For instance, the Ayrshire *Irvine* may

have been named either from the Celtic *arav* (gentle), or the Sanscrit *arv* (to destroy). So again in the rivers—*Gelt*, and *Chelt*, and *Calder*—there is the German *kalt* (cold), and the old Gaelic *Callaith* (swift).

"Sometimes," says Grimson, "the old Sanscrit word, as, for example, *car* (to move), branches into two different meanings, one expressing the going fast, the other the going round. From one or both of these comes the *Perthshire Garry* and the *Selkirkshire Garrow*."

The derivation of the *Medway* has been much discussed. One of the great German philologists traces it to the word *mead* (honey), and the old Norse *veig* (a cup); that is to say, the bowl of honey. Gibson, on the other hand, thinks its original name was the *Mid-way*, because it flows through the middle of Kent. Grimson, last but not least, derives the name from the Gaelic *meath* (mild), and the old Norse *mida* (to move softly, mildly), for, says he, the *Medway* is a grave gently flowing river.

The Gaelic word *liomh* (smooth, clammy, or sluggish) enters into the names of many rivers, as the *Leam* at Leamington; the *Dorsetshire Lyme*; the *Devonshire Leman*; the *Kentish Limen*; and the *Scottish Loch Lomond*. From the Gaelic *foil* (slow, gentle), the old word-painters named the *Fal*, at Falmouth, the Scotch *Fillar*, and the *Cork Foilagh*. The Welsh verb *taenau* (to expand), used for broad and expanding streams, boasts a large family of *godechildren* rivers—as the *Tavy*, the *Dee*, the *Tay*, the *Teign*, the *Tamar*, and even the *Thames* itself.

Let me cull a few more derivations from Grimson, curious and valuable, because they show the early intermingling of nations. The derivations I shall now choose shall be less abstract and more indubitable. They are derivations of names which betray more love and fixed observation in namers, and imply, therefore, less vagrancy and more civilisation in race.

The *Aberdeen* stream the *Bucket*, the *Shropshire Bowl*, and the *Aberdeen Bogie*, all come from the Sanscrit root *bluj* (English bow), meaning tortuous; the *Cam*, at Cambridge, from the Gaelic and Welsh words *cam* (to bend); the *Cumberland Crummock* from the Welsh word *crom* (curved); the *Derwent* from the Welsh *Derwyn* (to wind). "In many river names, a root implying clearness, brightness, or transparency, is to be traced," says Grimson. The old Gaelic *can* (white, pure) is embedded in the names of the *Essex Cann*, the *Kentish Ken*, the *Devonshire Kenne*, the *Cornish Conner*, and the *Lancashire Conder*. The early settlers in England little thought that a few centuries would leave no trace of them but a burial mound or two, and the name they gave to the rivers beside which they dwelt. Yet the old Celtic word *vind*, Welsh *gwynn* (white), as fossilised in the names of the rivers *Vent* (Cumberland), *Quenney* (Shropshire), *Finn* (Ulster), *Finnan* (Inverness), and *Windermere*, *Cumble*, and the *Wandle* (Surrey), are all the records, except a few stray words, we possess of those early races.

Few rivers have names referring to the colour of their water, yet there are a few, as the Glass in Inverness, from the Welsh word *glas*, blue or transparent, the Dowles of Shropshire, and the Douglas of Lanarkshire, from the Welsh *dulas*, dark blue. Some few streams, too, derive their appellations from the sound of their waters, as the Westmoreland *Greta*, from the old Norse *gráta*, to mourn, in allusion to the wailing sound of its waters. The names of several small English rivers, the *Blythe*, from the Anglo-Saxon *blithe*, merry, needs no comment; the *Avoca* of Wicklow is so called from the Gaelic *abhach*, sportive; the *Somersetshire Frome*, from the old Norse *brim*, roaring of the sea; the *Cornish Fowey*, from the Gaelic *fuar*, noise; the Welsh *Dourdwy* from a Welsh word signifying murmur.

There are several river names which Grimson tells me contain the idea either of the junction of two streams, or the separation of a river into two branches, as the *Lanark Galawhistle*, from the old Norse *quisil*, to split; the *Renfrew Cart* takes its name from the Gaelic *caraid*, duplex.

And here, to conclude, I throw in a handful of derivations of "mixed sorts," as confectioners say, as the *Warwickshire Cole*, from the Gaelic *caol*, straight; the *Kentish Swale* and the *Ulster Swilly* from the old Norse word *svelgr*, swell; the *Irish Shannon*, from the old Gaelic *siona*, delay; the *Lake Bratha*, from the Irish *breath*, pure; the *Devonshire* and *Wicklow Brays* from the Irish *brag*, running water.

The morning after this lecture Grimson drove me back to his farm at Tremarton. It was a clear sunshiny morning, but the sky was piled with snowy clouds, while to windward the blue was pure and spotless. The road was dry and hard, and our horses' hoofs beat out pleasant music. Grimson was great in derivations, and plucked rich harvests of fruit from the thorniest boughs of knowledge. He chased the old Goth all over Germany, he ran the Saxon to earth on the Scottish frontier, he drove the Norman up into a corner in Sicily, he collected all tribes and nations, and labelled them as a shepherd marks his sheep.

A CLASSIC TOILETTE.

ACCORDING to testimony, which is scarcely to be disputed, the sun could never have shone upon a less lovely object than a Roman lady in the days of the Caesars, when she opened her eyes in the morning—or, rather, let us say, as she appeared in the morning, for before she opened her eyes a great deal had to be done. When she retired to rest her face had been covered with a plaster composed of bread and ass's milk, which had dried during the night, and, consequently, presented in the morning an appearance of cracked chalk. The purpose of the ass's milk was not only to preserve the delicacy of the skin, but to renovate the lungs, and so strong was the belief in the efficacy of the specific, that some energetic ladies bathed themselves in it seventy times in the course of a

single day. As for *Poppea*, the favourite wife of *Nero*, she never set out on a journey without taking in her train whole herds of she-asses, that she might bathe whenever she pleased so to do.

The plaster of Paris bust having wakened in the morning in a cracked condition, it was the office of a host of female slaves to mature it into perfect beauty. To clear the field for further operations, the first of these gently washed away with lukewarm ass's milk the already crumbling mask, and left a smooth face, to be coloured by more recondite artists. The slave, whose vocation it was to paint the cheeks, delicately laid on the red and white, having moistened the pigment with her own saliva. The apparent nastiness of this operation was diminished by the consumption of a certain number of scented lozenges, which, if the slave neglected to take, she suffered corporeal punishment.

A precious article is the paint with which the *Roman domina* was beautified; it was well worthy of the case of ivory and rock-crystal in which it was preserved. The principal ingredient in the red paint was a moss, known by the name of *fucus*, which is still to be found on the Mediterranean coast. The cheeks having been perfected, the eyelashes and eyebrows came in for their share of attention, and a third slave dyed them with a black mixture, which, though called *fuligo*, was no common soot, but composed of choice materials. These blackened eyebrows and eyelashes are absolutely indispensable if the *domina* aspires in the slightest degree to the character of a beauty.

The curatrix of the eyebrows was followed by the tooth-brusher, who not only performed the office which this title implies, but handed to her mistress some mastich from the Isle of Chios, a specific chewed every morning to preserve the teeth from decay. Even if the teeth were not already in the head of the lady, but had to be inserted by the dexterous slave, the mastich was still chewed to keep up appearances.

All this work done, was not the *domina* beautiful? Yet the most important operations had still to be performed: the hair had been still unconsidered. And be it observed, that although blackness was essential to the eyebrow of the *Roman belle*, it was otherwise with her hair, which was to be decidedly golden. A whole division of female slaves was devoted to its decoration. The chief of them rubbed it over and over again with a golden ointment, till the head competed with the brightness of the rising sun. The polish thus laid on, two handy crafts-women moved to simultaneous activity. One, armed with curling-irons, produced an infinity of rings and ringlets; another squirted through her teeth a variety of essences upon the lovely head. Lastly came a skilful negress, who achieved the more important curls, and, twisting the back-hair into a large round knot, secured it with a pin eight inches long, carved with the most exquisite art. To these several servants, *Herr Asmus*, the German antiquary,

who has greatly aided us in bringing so many details within the compass of a small cabinet picture, gives the prettiest names in the world. The asses'-milkmaid he calls Scaphion; the painter of the cheeks is Phiale; the eyebrows are dyed by Stimmi; the golden ointment is rubbed in by Nape; Calamis holds the tongs; the lips of Psecas are the living fountain whence proceed the essences; and the handy negress is Cypassis.

These ready handmaidens burst into loud applause when their pleasing task is ended, and their raptures are permitted, because their lady regards them, not as signs of self-laudation, but as tributes to her own beauty. And, to show that nature and art have done their best, another slave now enters, bearing a metallic looking-glass.

We will assume that the domina is satisfied, and dismisses all the beautifiers with a benignant smile. Should she be dissatisfied—No, the mind refuses to conjecture what will happen in the event of such a frightful contingency.

The gradual process by which this living figure becomes fashionably draped we shall not pause to acquire, but merely enumerate the principal articles of clothing. Of stays—those modern implements of self-torture—the domina knows nothing, nor would she have put them on if they had been perfectly familiar to her, for she does not believe in the beauty of a slender waist. Over a short "tunica" is flung the "stola," which is itself a long tunic reaching to the feet, with sleeves that cover half the upper part of the arm. When the opening in the stola has been closed with the aid of brooches, when embroidered gay-coloured shoes have been put on, when the arms are encircled by golden snakes with ruby eyes, when the ears are weighted with pearls, when the fingers are loaded with rings, and when a comb or two has been inserted in the hair, the lady is completely attired for indoors, presenting the strongest possible contrast to the be-crinolined belle of the present day, and suggesting the suspicion that if the beautifiers are doomed to hard work, the dressers almost enjoy a sinecure. If the domina goes out she merely flings on her "palla," which is exactly like the "toga" of the man, and her pride in wearing it gracefully, exactly corresponds to that of Parisian beauties in the matter of shawls. On the whole, the main articles of clothing are not very expensive. They are chiefly woollen, the use of silk being exceptional. The semi-transparent Coan robe is costly enough, but then it is as disreputable as it is costly, and is not, properly, to be associated with ladies of quality.

The toilette of our domina being complete, she proposes to take a walk in the garden. Accordingly, the fan-bearers make their appearance. That pretty coquettish use of the fan, which was brought to such high perfection in the last century, is beyond the reach of the Roman belle, who would deem it an indignity to carry the cooling implement in her own hands. In good old days fans were made of broad leaves, but these have been abandoned for peacocks' fea-

thers; which, being in themselves rather too pliant for fanning purposes, are supported by a wooden framework. The lady is proud of her fan, and when she goes abroad her slaves carry it in an open basket, that it may be seen when not in use.

At the first glance it seems that the garden which she enters is altogether in the French taste, so persevering has been the "topiarius," or ornamental gardener, in giving to the trees and shrubs forms as different as possible from those that naturally belong to them. Verdant beasts of prey, clipped with shears out of box or cypress, menace their haughty mistress, who may sometimes gratify her pride by beholding her name in foliage. If, however, she is weary of these artificial beauties and terrors, she may retire into another part of the garden, where nature is altogether controlled, and again comes a change in the shape of an orchard, or a vegetable-garden, or an avenue of plane-trees twined with ivy, which, under the name of "gestatio," is regarded as the most delightful spot on the premises, commanding as it does the view of the surrounding country.

In the act of contemplating the distant hills we leave our Roman lady.

SETTLED AMONG THE MAORIS.

As a settler in New Zealand at the beginning of another contest with the native Maoris, let me tell the English public how I and most of my neighbours feel. We are very far from desiring to see an end of the Maori race. Our sincere and earnest wish is to see them put on such a fair footing as to be able to make common cause with us, and, by association of interests, find that of all things there is nothing so unprofitable for either party as a deadly quarrel. And even hitherto, instead of being the enemy of the Maori, it is my opinion that the settler has been his best and truest friend. He has done most to bring home to him the civilisation of which he is very capable. The settler has done more than the missionary, though the work of the missionary and schoolmaster has in New Zealand not been altogether fruitless. They had extinguished cannibalism, taught reading and writing, imparted to many knowledge of the Scriptures; but there they stopped. And when they might have worked in harmony with the natural movements of society, it is a simple and undeniable fact that, their zeal outrunning their discretion, they refused to do so. At the first hint of New Zealand's becoming a field for emigration, the missionaries as a body—there may have been exceptions—busily informed their flocks that the coming pakehas were the scum of society, outcasts who could not live in their native land, and endeavoured to the best of their ability to put the natives on their guard against the immigrants. Far from endeavouring to make, as, with a grain of tact, they might easily have made, the new comers coadjutors in the missionary work, they opposed the alienation of

lands, abused the characters of settlers, individually and collectively, and, instead of fostering good will between the races, have, whenever opportunity offered, widened the breach they were themselves the first to make. Thus, they believed they would most easily retain their own spiritual ascendancy. They feared lest the influence they were wont to exercise over their flocks should gradually die out, and the hierarchy at the antipodes be lost in the bustle of a rough Anglo-Saxon republic. The narrow policy failed utterly; the missionaries lost the power that a generous exercise of sympathy, a little human tolerance, a little of the dignity that belongs to pure lives led in charity with all men, would have undoubtedly preserved to them. They who should have been, and could have been, the bond of union between the settlers and the natives, committed themselves to the meanest policy of selfishness, and sowed the bitter seeds of strife in the name of the Gospel of charity. From such seeds they did not reap, even into their own garners, the fruit they desired. They lost their influence, and mainly because they made themselves, by their own folly, unpopular with the immigrants, instead of trying to amalgamate the old flock with the new.

I am not one of those who would deify missionary labour. I have a sincere honour for men who, casting aside the comforts of their native land, have taken themselves to the work commanded in the words, "Go ye forth unto all nations," and amongst a nation of savages have concentrated their energies on the diffusion of the word of truth. I can understand that at the first colonisation of New Zealand they were influenced partly by a just desire to prevent the natives from being cheated, and that they properly opposed alienation of lands for such prices as a few Brummagem muskets and a score of Jew's-harps. I can believe that their desire was often only to protect the interests of a capable people whom they trusted to see rising into importance through the influence of Christianity. From what they then knew of colonial life at the antipodes, they might not unreasonably be unable to foresee the ingress of a class of men whose manners and behaviour were likely to raise in the minds of their disciples a respect for Christian institutions. What, it may be asked, could they picture to themselves as the result of immigration, judging from the neighbouring colony of New South Wales, but, as it then was, the introduction of disease, drunkenness, profligacy, and vice, in all its worst forms? I admit that they had cause for fear, and feel that it would be almost sacrilege to criticise the actions of a man like Marsden. Would that the missionaries to New Zealand had all been like him! But the fatal defect of their body in New Zealand was, that they could not open their eyes to the laws that rule human society. Did they suppose that their opposition could arrest the tide of civilisation? Could they not see God in the world as well as in the Bible? Why should they have endeavoured to oppose the settlement

of those Englishmen, who, if they had been taken by the hand by teachers and helpers already on the spot, and wiser and better themselves, would, through precept and example, have become their best allies? If they had striven to graft the civilised habits of the colonist upon the Christianity taught by the missionary, there would have been peace now in New Zealand. And how illogical was the ground they took up! In their previous teaching they must have told their disciples how Christianity brings its own fruits of joy into this world; yet, as soon as they heard that Christians were coming, they abused them, and by inference discredited the influence of the religion they professed. The principle of peace and good will, on the first great opportunity of practically acting on it, was ignored. Why were not the new comers welcomed as a part of the great common flock? However it might be with the convicts of New South Wales, these gentlemen—for such they generally were by birth and education—must have understood the difference between free emigration and transportation. Again, for their prevention of the alienation of land from the natives for frivolous and trifling payment, they are to be praised; but this was not protection of the natives against colonists. The land was first bought by the agents of a commercial company, and in these matters of land bargaining with the natives the immigrants, as a body, had no part.

The sale of lands dishonestly bought was reversed, and they were repurchased, the original price being retained (particularly the muskets) for future adjustment, in which they (the muskets) took an active part. Nor does the grave mistake end here, for the missionaries persisted in a course meddlesome in itself and subversive of the discipline which might otherwise have been exercised over the natives. Many, forgetting wholly their office and the scriptural directions for its due performance, rushed headlong into politics, adopting a policy for the protection of the Maoris against improbable contingencies, and by its cramping influence diametrically opposed to the interests of the settlers. So they endeavoured to maintain a failing influence over the native, by combining the priest with the politician, until now in New Zealand missionary influence is powerless, except where it bends subservient to all the wishes of the natives. In the last war at Taranaki, the missionary party were the first to find an imaginary flaw in the purchase at Waitara, and by publishing their sentiments they not only seriously compromised the governor, but directly supported the natives in rebellion. Why did they not depend more, in a wise sympathy, upon the hearts and wills of their fellow-countrymen to support them in the labours which had already returned an abundant harvest? To many, I know, these must be, as they are to me, unwelcome truths. I should not speak them if they represented nothing but an individual and personal impression. Unhappily they are what almost every educated settler in New Zealand knows and thinks.

We know, too, that after all the Settler was and is the best friend of the Maori. On his arrival he made that land valuable which was formerly of no account. It was, I admit, bought at a low price; but if it had been given away, it would have amply returned value to the owners, by enhancing value in the land retained. The land having been purchased in laying out settlements, proper and liberal provision was made for the improvement of the native race. Schools were instituted; lands were set aside for industrial and other educational institutes for the natives, whom the settlers placed on the same legal footing with themselves. Native commissioners and other employés were appointed to protect their interests, and far from there being any attempt to rob them of their land, a fee-simple was granted them, and laws were passed which prevented the land sharker from purchasing territory, by enacting that no land sale or lease was legal unless made through and by the government.

The settlers have submitted to taxation for the maintenance of their institutes; they have almost without a grumble suffered from the cramping influence of enactments designed solely for the just benefit of the Maoris. And after all this they were not allowed to have a voice in the conduct of native affairs. The imperial government retained in their own hands all power over this department; a department indirectly governed by the advice of those men who first opposed immigration, and afterwards never stirred one finger to smooth the road for their fellow-countrymen in exile.

It may have appeared that the individual conduct of Europeans has been irritating to the natives, that the Maoris find themselves looked down upon with contempt and detestation. That contemptuous words have occasionally been uttered by drunken sawyers and ignorant soldiers, is very true, but that either such words, or the feeling which prompts them, are customary to the colonist, I utterly deny. On the contrary, many close friendships exist between individuals of either race, and many chiefs are looked up to with great respect and affection by the body of the settlers. Take such instances as Herekiekie, whose loss was universally regretted by black and white; E. Puni, an old gentleman, the friend of every man in Wellington, and at whose funeral the settlers for miles round attended in token of the great respect in which they held him. I have seen Maoris sitting down at the tables of the leading men of the colony, and after dinner mutually discussing the affairs of the nation over an amicable pipe and tumbler. Of late years some settlers had the pluck to disregard the troublesome law which provides against the direct purchase or leasing of lands; bargains were struck at a fair rent, and arrangements were concluded to the mutual satisfaction of all parties, without any of the hampering interference of government officials.

The Maoris are a people very able to learn from their friendly neighbours, and I think that

if more confidence had been placed in the honour of our colonists, and more reliance on the shrewdness and intelligence of the native, in the purchase of land, it is very doubtful indeed whether any of the disastrous wars which have cost us loss in treasure and reputé would ever have happened. What, for example, is the history of the late miserable squabble at the Waitara, which resulted in the devastation of the garden of New Zealand and the ruin of hundreds of old and industrious colonists. In 1841 a large tract of land was purchased at Taranaki for the New Zealand Company, and Mr. Spain, the commissioner appointed by her Majesty to preside over the New Zealand Land Claims Court, pronounced that sixty thousand acres had been fairly purchased. Of this land much was taken up and cultivated by settlers. In 1844, Governor Fitzroy reversed the award, and a small portion, three thousand five hundred acres, was repurchased, no more being alienated for three years. Subsequently about seventy thousand acres were bought at high prices, and the last and most valuable portion of the old purchase was never alienated. Well, in 1854, Rawiri Waiana, a native magistrate, offered a part of this land for purchase, but poor Rawiri, whilst he was actually pointing out the boundaries of the proposed purchase, was, with several followers, shot down by members of the Land League, an association of the most turbulent tribes to prevent the further extinction of native title over any land whatever. It was of no consequence to them whether the tribe offering land for sale belonged to the league or not. It was simply given out that whosoever dared to effect a sale of territory to the government would surely bring down upon himself the vengeance of the league. No attempt was made to punish the murderers, and long and bloody feuds arose out of this outrage. However, in 1859 a block of six hundred acres was offered to Governor Brown by a chief, Teira, which was accepted, but the title lay open for investigation for nine months, in order that any claimant might have time to enter objection. None was made except by Wiremu Kingi, who, admitting the title of Teira, merely stated that he would not allow the land to be sold. Now this Wiremu Kingi was a staunch supporter of the Maori king, who, with his kingdom of associated tribes, had grown out of the Land League. Kingi's only ground for opposing the sale was that he was a subject of the king, and, therefore, refused to agree to it. This objection not being considered valid, the bargain was concluded, and surveyors were sent to lay out the block. The price paid for it was nearly a pound an acre. Well, the surveyors appeared, but were warned off by a party of old women, who were sent out insultingly to break the instruments of the civil engineers. Governor Brown, not liking this, sent a party of soldiers to take possession. They were fired on; and thus commenced this dismal war. What right has any man to call a contest thus begun a "Settlers' War?"

The settlers were, no doubt, ready to fight,

because there had been heaped upon them insults innumerable for years before. The Queen's authority was at a discount. If a Maori stole from a settler, he could not be reached by the law. If he owed money to a settler, it could not be recovered by the law. If he chose to slaughter a settler on his door-step, the colonial government took no notice. In fact, for years previously, the settlers of Taranaki had remained by pure sufferance in possession of their own, and they were made to feel it. The very magistrates admitted that no help could be expected from them. Of course, they longed for the war, and bravely and manfully did they take part in it, and cruelly they suffered. I really believe that if a true unadulterated story of that so-called campaign were written, no one at home would or could believe it. I read an account of it by an officer who saw a little, a very little of it, and you would suppose therefrom that every obscure skirmish was a Waterloo, and that the taking of a miserable pah was a Badajos. Yet in the first fight the volunteers were deserted by the soldiers, under circumstances detailed in the commanding officer's despatch, the concluding words of which are to this effect, if not in the exact words : "As night was coming on, I retired according to orders, leaving the volunteers apparently surrounded by the enemy." Can England believe that one thousand three hundred men, regular troops, retreated before some forty or fifty naked savages? or that settlers' houses were burned down and their stock driven off within gunshot of the garrison, and yet no effort was made by the military to protect them; the settlers themselves being also prevented from going out to save at their own risk their own property? One of the longest saps on record was made up to a miserable pah, and in the only stand-up fight that occurred, our soldiers were well thrashed. I have seen old soldiers, men who had seen service, grind their teeth when asked about the affair, and fairly curse at the disgrace brought on them by the sheer ignorance and incapacity of senior officers. As a matter of course, what little prestige was left from the wars of 1848-49, was lost. The natives withdrew their forces, driving off with them cattle, sheep, and horses, leaving the province of New Plymouth a desert, and its settlers ruined, their houses burned, their stock lifted, many of their children dead from fever, diphtheria, &c., caused by their being cooped up in the town, while not a few of the best and bravest had either been killed in action, or murdered by the enemy.

Sir G. Grey came, he thought, to buy the Maori over to allegiance by setting up a system whereby the influential men were to be soothed with government situations. He attempted to set up an universal system of transparent coaxing

and bribing, which has failed, as all anticipated that it would. The war is now again general over the island, but seems likely to be prosecuted by General Cameron more actively than by his predecessors. I trust that it may come to a more honourable conclusion, if only for this reason : that the aborigines of New Zealand, after years of mismanagement and misrule, must needs be made to feel our strength before they will ascribe to anything but cowardice our will to be their friends. In that spirit we now fight. The respectable English settler has no hatred at all for the Maoris. He likes their pluck, admits their intelligence, and cannot altogether blame them for taking advantage of the system of bungling and mismanagement which has been adopted for their governance during so many years. We cannot blame them when they act upon the advice of an English party in the colony, generally known as the "Exeter Hall party," which has supported them even in their late rebellion at Waitara, nor can we blame them for looking down with somewhat of contempt upon the wretched character of the attempts made to support our authority. We colonists lay the blame on the paltry and vacillating policy which has always been observed towards the Maoris, and on the utter want of determination exercised towards them by the magistracy in carrying out the law. I once saw a horse taken away by force, and against his own decision of the law, before the eyes of a magistrate who, in a case between a settler and native as to ownership, had just given a judgment. The verdict was against the Maori, who, not getting the horse by right, took it by might. The outrage was simply hushed up, and glossed over, and the old system of keeping up appearances was quietly maintained. The natives, judging from such incidents, cannot but feel the rottenness of our rule, and in fact they usually chaff us if we talk about the power of Britain. They have thus been pushed and tempted into battle with us. We colonists find that in travelling amongst them they are courteous and hospitable; that in the ordinary business of life we can pull together very well; that bargains of all sorts can be settled between us; and that as long as we are let alone we get on very well.

That is the settlers' way of looking at a question usually presented to the home public in missionary reports and government despatches, which these notes may perhaps help some readers to interpret properly.

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